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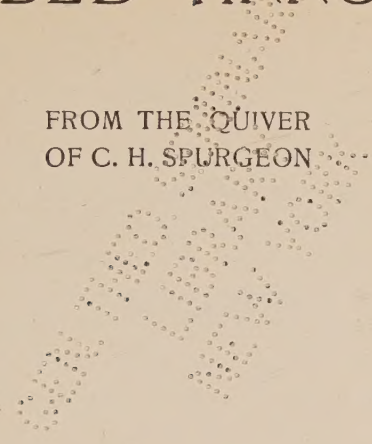
BARBED ARROWS

FROM THE QUIVER
OF C. H. SPURGEON



COMPANION VOLUME TO
FEATHERS FOR ARROWS

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

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PREFACE.

This volume is intended as a companion to "Feathers for Arrows," and has been compiled from the Sermons of C. H. Spurgeon. During a season of sickness and convalescence Mr. Charles Spurgeon found a pleasing pastime in collating the illustrations, anecdotes, similes, etc., used by his beloved father in the Discourses published in the volumes of "The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit." Knowing how the Lord's archers desire that the arrows of truth may stick fast in the hearts of the King's enemies, it was felt that such a sheaf of missiles, so well barbed, would prove useful to brother bowmen. The "artillery" here prepared has been proved by one of the most skilful of archers to be effective in piercing the armor-joints of many a sinner's harness, and the arrow of conviction has gone home to many a heart when shot from "a bow drawn at a venture." It has been a profitable pleasure to tie up the arrows into bundles, and it is hoped that the war-worn soldiers may be relieved a little as we hand to them their ammunition in this form; for "When the Word of God becomes an arrow in a man's heart, he writhes; and he would fain tear it out; but it is a barbed shaft."

BARBED ARROWS.

Abstinence from sin.—To abstain from sin for any reason is, so far, good; but yet you may abstain from sin from a motive which will lend no virtue to your abstinence. Some abstain from sin from fear of men, or from hope of gain: as the thief is honest when he sees the policeman, and the beggar becomes pious when a dole is to be had at church. One sin will often kill another sin, as the miser shuns profligacy because he is too mean to spend his money riotously. But to abstain from sin because you love God —ay, *that* is the thing.

Activity—useless.—I HEARD of a Christian man, whose mill-wheel was seen to be in motion on a Sunday. The people going to worship, wondered greatly thereat. But one who went by set their minds at rest, by pointing out that the wheel was going idly round, because the water by accident was allowed to flow over it. But the man said it was like their minister, and his sermons. There is no work being done, but the wheel goes round, clickety click, clickety click, though it is not grinding anything. Therein it also greatly resembles many an organization for

spiritual service; the water is passing over it, glittering as it flows, but the outside motion does not join on to any human need, nor produce any practical result, and nothing comes of the click and hum.

Adorning the Doctrine.—When the famous Spartan warrior Brasidas complained that Sparta was so small a state, his mother replied to him, "My son, Sparta has fallen to your lot, and it is your duty to adorn it." Christian man, adorn the doctrine of God, your Savior, in all things. Wherever you are found, endeavor in that place to live out eternal life.

Adversity tests Faith.—I remember Mr. William Jay saying that birds' nests are hard to find in summer-time, but anyone could find a bird's nest in winter. When all the leaves are off the trees the nests are visible to all. Often in the days of our prosperity, we fail to find our faith; but when our adversity comes, the winter of our trial bares the boughs, and we see our faith at once. We are sure that we believe now, for we feel the effect of faith upon our character. "Before I was afflicted I went astray," said David, "but now have I kept thy word." He found that his faith was really there by his keeping God's Word in the time of his affliction.

Affliction—blessed.—The bow of trouble shot David like an arrow towards God! It is a blessed thing when the waves of affliction wash us upon the rock

of confidence in God alone, when darkness below gives us an eye to the light above.

Affliction God's Seal.—AFFLICTION is the seal of the Lord's election.

I remember a story of Mr. Mack, who was a Baptist minister in Northamptonshire. In his youth he was a soldier, and calling on Robert Hall, when his regiment marched through Leicester, that great man became interested in him, and procured his release from the ranks. When he went to preach in Glasgow, he sought out his aged mother, whom he had not seen for many years. He knew his mother the moment he saw her; but the old lady did not recognize her son. It so happened that when he was a child, his mother had accidentally wounded his wrist with a knife. To comfort him she cried, "Never mind, my bonnie bairn, your mither will ken you by that when ye are a man." When Mack's mother would not believe that a grave, fine-looking minister could be her own child, he turned up his sleeve and cried, "Mither, mither, dinna ye ken *that?*" In a moment they were in each other's arms. Ah, brethren! the Lord knows the spot of His children. He acknowledges them by the mark of correction.

Affliction quickens.—YOUR affliction quickened your prayers. There is a man trying to write with a quill pen; it will not make anything but a thick

stroke; but he takes a knife and cuts fiercely at the quill till it marks admirably. So we have to be cut with the sharp knife of affliction, for only then can the Lord make use of us. See how sharply gardeners trim their vines, they take off every shoot, till the vine looks like a dry stick. There will be no grapes in the spring, if there is not this cutting away in the autumn and winter. God quickens us in our afflictions through His Word.

Aimless life.—SOME time ago, I read in a paper of a gentleman being taken up before a magistrate. What was the charge against him? Nothing very serious, you will say. He was found wandering in the fields. He was asked where he was going, and he said he was not going anywhere. He was asked where he came from, and he said he did not know. They asked him where his home was, and he said he had none. They brought him up for wandering. As what? A dangerous lunatic. The man who has no aim or object in life, but just wanders about anywhere or nowhere, acts like a dangerous lunatic, and assuredly he is not morally sane.

Aimless life.—ARE you like a vessel which is left to the mercy of the winds and waves? Ignoble condition! Perilous case! What! are you no more than a log on the water? I should not like to be a passenger in a vessel which had no course marked out on the chart, no pilot at the wheel, no man at the

watch. Surely, you must be derelict, if not water-logged; and you will come to a total wreck before long.

Angels—ministering.—I HAVE often admired the language of Mohammed, when in the battle of Ohod he said to his followers, pointing to their foes, "Charge them! I can hear the wings of angels as they hasten to our help." That was a delusion on his part, for he and his men were badly beaten; but it is no delusion in the case of the servants of Christ. We *can* hear the wings of angels. Providence is always working with you while you are working for God.

Anger—inventive.—MAN can always find ways of sinning against God. I remember, in my younger days, a school-boy who, when at play with his companions, would fly into furious passions, and would at once throw something at the person with whom he was angry; and the point I noticed was that he always had something to throw. Let him be in the school-room, playground, or in the street, there would surely be a stone, or a book, or a slate, or a cup ready to his hand. So it is with men who fight against the Lord; they discover weapons everywhere, in the fury of their rebellion. The evil brain is quick in devising, the depraved ear is swift in apprehending, and the sinful hand is deft in carrying out any and every scheme of disobedience to the Lord.

Answers to prayer.—I READ yesterday, certain notes taken by an interviewer, who called on me some

years ago. He reports that he said to me:—"Then you have not modified your views in any way as to the efficacy of prayer?" In his description he says:—"Mr. Spurgeon laughed and replied, 'Only in my faith growing far stronger and firmer than ever. It is not a matter of faith with me, but of knowledge and every-day experience. I am constantly witnessing the most unmistakable instances of answers to prayer. My whole life is made up of them.'"

Anxiety for souls.—I HAVE heard of one brought to Christ who was a very great sinner—of so stiff a neck that he never would be approached by anybody who aimed at his conversion. He hated the very mention of religion. He answered all appeals very coarsely. But one of his neighbors felt forced to go to him very early in the morning and say to him, "I beg your pardon for intruding so early, but I lay awake all last night thinking about you; and I cannot rest till I tell you something." He answered, "What were you thinking about me for? I don't want any of your thoughts." "Oh," said the other, "I felt so sorry to think that if you were to die, you would die without hope." The bearish man replied, "Mind your own business." "But," said the other, "that is my business. I think my heart will break unless I see you saved." All the answer was, "Go away with you, don't come here with any of your cant." The brother went home weeping, but he was not the only one who felt his heart breaking. The

bearish one went away from his forge, and said to his wife, "I can always answer these religious fellows. I do not care for your parsons a bit, but that neighbor of ours has been in here, and he says it will break his heart unless I am converted; and that beats me." He was beaten. Out of a sort of kindly pity for his neighbor's weakmindedness, with a mixture of an unacknowledged feeling on his own account, he went to hear the preaching of the Word and was brought to Jesus.

Anxiety of soul.—I REMEMBER a woman not long ago who said that at her work it came across her mind, "I am not saved." She was sweeping the room, and when she finished that, she said to herself, "I have to cook the dinner, but I am not saved." She went into the kitchen and had her fire and food all ready, but all the while she was putting things in the pot she kept saying to herself, "I am not saved." And so it was when she was busy all the afternoon, and when her husband came home, she could not help blurting out, "Oh, husband, I am not saved." But he was, and he pointed her to Christ; they knelt together, and oh, how he prayed with her. She found that which she so earnestly sought, and it was not many days before she could say, "Oh, husband, *I am saved.*"

Assurance—full.—A CAVILLER in an omnibus said to a Christian man one day, "Why, you have nothing after all to rest upon. I can prove to you

that your Scriptures are not authentic." The humble Christian man replied, "Sir, I am not a learned man, and I cannot answer your questions; but I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and I have experienced such a change of character, and I feel such joy and peace through believing, that I wish you knew my Savior, too." The answer he received was a very unexpected one: the unbeliever said, "You have got me there; I cannot answer *that*." Just so, we have got them there. If we know what has been wrought in us by grace, and know assuredly the sustaining power of that grace, they cannot overcome us. The full-assurance man baffles the very devil.

Assurance—occasional.—MANY who believe on the name of Jesus are not sure that they have eternal life; they only hope so. Occasionally they have assurance, but the joy is not abiding. They are like a minister I have heard of, who said he felt assured of his salvation "except when the wind was in the east." It is a wretched thing to be so subject to circumstances as many are. What is true when the wind is in the soft south or the reviving west, is equally true when the wind is neither good for man nor beast. Jesus would not have our assurance vary with the weather-glass, nor turn with the vane.

ABIDE after cleansing where you were before cleansing.

A BUSHELFUL of resolutions is of small value; a single grain of practice is worth the whole.

A CAKE made of memories will do for a bite now and then, but it makes poor daily bread.

A CHANGE of life alone can prove a change of heart.

A CHRISTIAN'S life should be the decalogue written large.

ADDITIONS and subtractions are weeds which it is hard to keep out of the garden of conversation.

ADVERSITY has less power to harm than prosperity.

A FAITH-LOOK at Jesus breaks the heart both for sin and from sin.

A FAITH that never wept is a faith that never lived.

A FREQUENT hearer is likely to become a fervent believer.

A GASH in the conscience may disfigure a soul forever.

A GOSPEL that does not suit everybody does not suit anybody.

A GROUNDLESS hope is a mere delusion.

A LITTLE food cooked is better for dinner than a great joint raw.

A LIVING argument is invincible.

ALL true hearts are not fit for fight.

A MAN may have another heart and yet he may not have a new heart.

AMID a torrent of sin and sorrow, you may cross the stream of time upon the stepping stones of the places marked, "*Jehovah-Shammah.*"

ANGELS have a special liking for sleeping saints.

AN ounce of faith is better than a ton of learning.

A PILGRIM'S life is not all feasting.

APOLOGIES for disobedience are mere refuges of lies.

A PRAISEFUL heart is a soul-winning heart.

A QUIET conscience is a little heaven.

A ROCK which is in nobody's way, may stand where it is.

A SAINT shines on men when God has shone on him.

AS earth goes, Christ comes.

A SMALL musket-ball, in full career, will do more execution than a great cannon-ball which lies still.

A SMILE from Jesus in the morning will be sunshine all the day.

A SMITH can shoe a horse, though he has never studied astronomy.

A VISION of God is the quietus of boasting.

A WEEK without a Sabbath is perpetual bondage.

A WORDLESS prayer is not silent to God.

A WORKING Christ makes a raging devil.

Believing our living.—YOU cannot live without faith: for again and again we are told—"The just shall live by faith." Believing is our living, and we, therefore, need it always. And if God give thee great faith, my dear brother, thou must expect great trials; for, in proportion as thy faith shall grow, thou wilt have to do more, and endure more. Little boats may keep close to shore, as becomes little boats; but if God make thee a great vessel, and load thee with a rich freight, He means that thou shouldst know what great billows are, and should feel their fury till thou seest "His wonders in the deep."

Believers' loyalty.—HAVE you never heard of the dying and wounded in Napoleon's wars who still clung to their Emperor with an idolatrous love in the hour of death? Lifting himself upon his elbow, the soldier of the Old Guard gave one more cheer for the great captain. If the dying warrior saw Napoleon riding over the field, he would with his last gasp, cry, "Vive l'Empereur!" and then expire. We read of one, that when the surgeons were trying to extract a bullet from his chest, he said, "Go a little deeper and you will find the Emperor." He had him on his heart. Infinitely more commendable is the loyalty of the believer to the Lord Christ.

Bible always right—The.—If my compass always points to the north, I know how to use it; but if it veers to other points of the compass, and I am to judge out of my own mind whether it is right or not, I am as well without the thing as with it. If my Bible is right always, it will lead me right; and as I believe it is so, I shall follow it.

Bible dangerous to superstition—The.—Here I go into one place of worship, and I see a pretty little doll's house at the further end, and people are bowing down before some paper flowers and candlesticks. Around the building I see pictures of virgins and saints; but he who has read his Bible enters not into the modern idolatry. A priest once said to a poor Irishman, "There will be no good come of your reading the Bible." "Why," replied the man, "it is written, 'Search the Scriptures.' Please, your reverence, I was just reading, 'Ye shall read it to your children,' and the priests have no children; how can you account for that?" "Ah!" replied the priest, "the like of you cannot understand the book." "Well!" said the man, "if I cannot understand it, it will do me no harm; and if I can understand it, it will do me great good." Just so: the Bible is a very dangerous book to superstition, but to nothing else. Spread it, then, to the winds of heaven; and read it every one of you.

Bible—inspired—The.—This Book is inspired as no other book is inspired, and it is time that all

Christians avowed this conviction. I do not know whether you have seen Mr. Smiles' life of our late friend, George Moore; but in it we read that, at a certain dinner-party, a learned man remarked that it would not be easy to find a person of intelligence who believed in the inspiration of the Bible. In an instant George Moore's voice was heard across the table, saying boldly, "I do, for one." Nothing more was said. My dear friend had a strong way of speaking, as I well remember; for we have upon occasions vied with each other in shouting when we were together at his Cumberland home. I think I can hear his emphatic way of putting it—"I do, for one." Let us not be backward to take the old-fashioned and unpopular side, and say outright, "I do, for one."

Bible—true—The.—I HAVE heard of two Romanists, a man and his wife, who became possessed of a copy of the Scriptures, of which they had never seen one before. The man began to read it, and one night, as he sat beside the fire, with the open book, he said, "Wife, if this book is right, we are wrong." He continued reading, and a few days after this, he said, "Wife, if this book is right, we are lost." More eager now than ever, to see what the Word of the Lord was, he studied the book, until one night he joyfully exclaimed, "Wife, if this book is true, we are saved." The same word that showed them they were undone, revealed also the gospel of salvation. This is the glory of the Word of God; it is against us

until we are led out of our sins, and then we find that death becomes the gate of life to our souls, and the Word of God is on our side. The same word that reveals the terrors of the Lord, also says, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."

Blessings—opportune.—GOD never brought you to a well, and put a bucket and rope in your way, without intending to fill that bucket when you let it down. When the thirsty soil has opened all its mouths to drink in the rain of heaven, that rain always comes. When the ears of wheat are ready for the sun to ripen them, the heat of harvest is near. When a man of God so looks for the Spirit that he spreads the sails of hope, the breeze is sure to blow.

Blood—precious.—TO ME there is a great sanctity about the blood of man. I saw last Wednesday the Prayer-book which Bishop Juxon held in his hand as he stood by the side of Charles I. on the scaffold at Whitehall. Two spots of blood are on the page wherein he was reading the prayers, as the axe fell upon the monarch's neck. I have no reverence for Charles I., but I have reverence for drops of blood. I looked at them, and they were no theme of jest for me: the blood of a man is sacred. But what shall I say of the blood of the Son of God! God Himself, incarnate, in some mysterious manner taking into union with Himself our humanity, and then shedding His blood to redeem us! What is to be said of

this? Look with reverence upon that precious blood.

Book-worm.—I HAVE many an old book in my library in which there have been book-worms, and I have sometimes amused myself with tracing a worm. I do not know how he gets to the volume originally, but being there he eats his way into it. He bores a hole in a direct line, and sometimes I find that he dies before he gets half-way through the tome. Now and then a worm has eaten his way right through from one wooden cover to another; yes, and through the cover also. This was a most successful book-worm. Few of us can eat our way quite so far. I am one of the book-worms that have not got half-way into my Bible yet; but I am eating my way as fast as I can.

Burden of Sin.—WE have seen pictures of the Arabs dragging those great Nineveh bulls for Mr. Layard, hundreds of them tugging away; and I have imagined how Pharaoh's subjects, the Egyptians, must have sweated and smarted when they had to drag some of the immense blocks of which his obelisks were composed, thousands of men dragging one block of masonry; and I seemed to have just such a load as that behind me and it would not stir. My burden of inward sin at fifteen years of age was such that I knew not what to do. I prayed and it would not stir. I took to reading my Bible, but my load would not stir. Deep ruts the wheels were in. I cried

to God in my agony; I trusted Him, and the enormous weight behind me was gone.

BALANCE your duties, and let not one press out another.

BAPTIZE your heart in devotion ere you wade into the stream of daily care.

BE sure the lodestone is not far off when the needle is so much moved.

BETTER be Christ's patient than a Doctor of Divinity.

BETTER in the abyss of truth than on the summit of falsehood.

BETTER the smitings of truth than the kisses of deceit.

BETTER to be God's dog than the devil's darling.

BEWARE of aptness in making an excuse.

BEWARE of contentment with shallow grace.

BEWARE of ill company in the evening!

"Carry me, father!"—I BEGIN to like rough places, even as Rutherford fell in love with the cross he had to carry. When the road is smooth, I have to walk; but when it is very rough I am carried. Therefore, I feel somewhat like the little boy I saw the other night. His father had been carrying him uphill; but when he reached a piece of level road, the boy was a great lump to carry, and his father set him

down, and let him walk. Then the little gentleman began to pull at his father's coat, and I heard him say, "Carry me, father! Carry me, father! Carry me again!" Just so. Any sensible child of God will still say, "Carry me, Father! Carry me still, I pray thee!" The Father's answer is, "I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry you." Therefore call upon Him, and ask that when the road is rough, or miry, He will carry you; and He will carry you.

Caves of Truth.—THERE is a wierd charm to my mind about caves: I like to visit all that are in my way. One is pleased to pass from one subterranean room to another, and mark the secrets which are revealed by the glare of the torches. Here there is a spring of water, there a grand stalactite; here is an ascending staircase leading to another hollow, and there you must go down by a ladder to a greater depth. This is a fair allegory of the way in which the Spirit of God leads us into all truth. In God, even in Christ Jesus, are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, and within these hiding-places we find our habitations. David was so much at home with God that he entered by earnest trust into one attribute after another, and delighted in them all.

Ceaseless warfare.—IT is with us Christians as it was with the Highlanders in battle, when their leader called out to them, "Lads, there they are. If you dinna kill them, they will kill you." There is no

room for peace, it is war to the knife, not only now, but to life's end.

Charity by proxy.—THIS is the age of proxy. People are not charitable, but they beg a guinea from somebody else to be charitable with. It is said that charity nowadays means that A finds B to be in distress, and, therefore, asks C to help him. Let us not in this fashion shirk our work. Go and do your own work, each man bearing his own burden, and not trying to pile a double load on other men's shoulders. Brethren, from morn till night sow beside all waters with unstinting hand.

Chastisement proof of love.—MR. RUTHERFORD, writing to a lady who had lost five children and her husband, says to her, "Oh, how Christ must love you! He would take every bit of your heart to Himself. He would not permit you to reserve any of your soul for any earthly thing." Can we stand that test? Can we let all go for His sake?

Child of God—preciousness.—How precious in the sight of the Master His saints are! I have been trying to work out a calculation: if the hairs of their heads are worth so much that God registers them, what are their heads worth? Who shall tell me that? If their heads are worth so much that the Lord Jesus Christ died to redeem them, who can tell what their souls are worth, or rather what they are not worth? They are worth more than all the worlds put together.

Ask a mother what her child is worth. "What will you take for your boy, mistress?" My friends, if she sold him at the price she would consider a fair compensation, we could not all of us make up the money if we put all that we have into one common fund. The Lord set such a value on *His* children that He gave His Son Jesus Christ to die sooner than he would lose one of them; and Jesus himself chose to die on the cross that none of His little ones should perish. Oh, the value and the preciousness of a child of God! Worlds would not serve for pence to be the basis of the valuation.

Children—idolized.—It is very common to idolize children. A mother who had lost her babe, fretted and rebelled about it. She happened to be in a meeting of the Society of Friends, and there was nothing spoken that morning except this word by one female Friend, who was moved, I doubt not, by the Spirit of God to say, "Verily, I perceive that children are idols." She did not know the condition of that mourner's mind, but it was the right word, and she to whom God applied it knew how true it was. She submitted her rebellious will, and at once was comforted. Cease ye from these little men and women; for, though you prize them so they are of the race from which you are to cease. Cease ye from them, for their breath is in their nostrils, and indeed

it is but feebly there in childhood. A proper and right love of children should be cultivated; but to carry this beyond its due measure is to grieve the Spirit of God. If you make idols of children you have done the worst you can for them, whether they live or die. Cease from such folly.

Christ all in all.—THE first line of the covenant of grace is Jesus Christ; the last line of the covenant of grace is Jesus Christ; and all in between is the Lord Jesus Christ. Begin with him as A, go right through to B, C, D, E, F, and so on till you end with Z, and it is all Jesus Christ. He is all; yea, he is all in all.

Christ for all.—I RECOLLECT in Martin Luther's life that he saw, in one of the Romish Churches, a picture of the Pope, and the cardinals, and bishops, and priests, and monks, and friars, all on board a ship. They were all safe, every one of them. As for the laity, poor wretches, they were struggling in the sea, and many of them drowning. Only those were saved to whom the good men in the ship were so kind as to hand out a rope or a plank. That is not our Lord's teaching: His blood is shed "for many," and not for the few. He is not the Christ of a caste, or a class, but the Christ of all conditions of men. His blood is shed for many sinners, that their sins may be remitted.

Christ glorified.—YOU will glorify Christ by darning stockings, and mending the socks of the little

ones, quite as surely as by washing His feet with tears.

Christ loved best.—We love relationships, but as compared with Him we could hate father and mother, and sister and brother, for His name's sake. When a certain martyr was about to be burned, they brought out his wife and his eleven little children, and bade them kneel in one long row, to ask their father, for their sakes, to consent to deny the faith and live; but as he kissed them one by one, and lingered longest over the dear mother of them all, he said, "I would do anything for your sakes, my dear ones, that I might live with you, but since it is for Christ, my Lord's sake, I must tear myself away even from you." When Jesus is in the soul, the idols leave their thrones. He loves us out of the pit of idolatry.

Christ omitted.—A famous picture has been lately produced, which represents our Lord before Pilate. It has deservedly won great attraction. A certain excellent newspaper, which brings out for a very cheap price a large number of engravings has given an engraving of this picture; but, inasmuch as the painting was too large for the paper to give the whole, they have copied a portion of it. It is interesting to note that they have given us Pilate here, and Caiaphas there, but since there was no room for Jesus upon the sheet, they have left out that part of the design.

When I saw the picture, I thought that it was wonderfully characteristic of a great deal of modern preaching. See Pilate here, Caiaphas there, and the Jews yonder—but the Victim, bound and scourged for human sin, is omitted. Possibly, in the case of the publication, the figure of the Christ will appear in the next number; but even if He should appear in the next sermon of our preachers of the new theology, it will be as a moral example, and not as the Substitute for the guilty, the Sin-bearer by whose death we are redeemed. When we hear a sermon with no Christ in it, we hope that He will come out next Sunday; at the same time, the preaching is, so far, spoilt, and the presentation of the gospel is entirely ruined so long as the principal figure is left out. Oh, it is a sad thing to have to stand in any house of prayer and listen to the preaching, and then have to cry, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him!" Rest assured that they have laid Him in a tomb. You may be quite certain of that. They have put Him away as a dead thing, and to them He is as good as dead. True believer, you may comfort your heart with this recollection, that He will rise again. He cannot be holden by the bonds of death in any sense; and though His own church should bury Him, and lay the huge lid of the most enormous sarcophagus of heresy upon Him, the Redeemer will rise again, and

His truth with Him, and He and His Word will live and reign together for ever and ever.

Christ—only foundation.—HAVING once made Christ my foundation, I shall take a leaf out of the book of the Puritans of Massachusetts. I have heard that in their early days, their counsellors agreed, "That the State of Massachusetts should be governed by God, till they had time to find a better ruler." So I will rest on Christ alone till I can find a better resting place. When we find that God has laid another foundation, we will look at it. When we discover a foundation more suitable for sinners than the sinner's Savior, we will consider it; but not till then.

Christ receiving sinners.—WHEN one of our professional beggars knocks at a door, and gets well received, he is very apt to send another. I have heard that vagrants make certain marks near the door by way of telling others of the confraternity which are good houses to call at. If you want many beggars at your house, feed one and another of them well, and birds of the same feather will flock to you. You know how one sheep leads another; and perhaps when some come to Christ, many others will follow.

Christ's presence, Salvation.—HAVE you not seen people engaged in earnest work, who did not understand their business, apprentices, and other unskilful people, and muddling away time. They are making

bad worse, and running great risk. Perhaps a great calamity will occur if the work is not done well and quickly. A first-rate workman is sent for. See, the man has come who understands the business. He cries, "Let me come! Stand out of my way! You are on the wrong tack, let me do it myself!" You have not blamed him for egotism, for the thing needed to be done, and he could do it, and the others could not. Everybody recognized the master workman and gave place to him. The announcement of his coming was the end of the muddle and the signal of hope. Even as Jesus comes to you sinners, and in His presence is your salvation.

Christ to be fed upon.—WHAT is the use of bread if it is never eaten? If you go to the Orphanage, you will see a large batch of bread there kept upon the shelves. It must not be eaten the first day, you know; it would go too fast, and would not be very wholesome for the youngsters. It must get rather staler by being kept a little while. Now suppose that I were to go down there, and say to the baker, "Lock that door: I want to keep that bread. I am going away to Mentone, and I shall take the key with me, that I may save that bread." Suppose I were to do so, and come back in a couple of months' time. Should I say to myself, "I have saved that batch of bread?" I am afraid that it would turn out to be very bad economy. Let us go and look at the

loaves which we have kept from use! Come away at once! The sight is not pleasant. Decay and corruption have fallen upon what we have hoarded. It would be a poor matter for the bread. Why, it is the very end of bread, the object of bread, the portion of bread, to be eaten. It is honored in being eaten; it would be degraded by being left to grow stale and mouldy. Now the Lord Jesus Christ is never so famous a Christ as when sinners come and feed upon Him. This precious bread must be eaten, or it has not answered its design.

Christ the way.—A MINISTER in America some time ago was going up the aisle of his church during a revival, when a young man earnestly cried to him, "Sir, can you tell me the way to Christ?" "No," was the answer, very deliberately given; "I cannot tell you the way to Christ." The young man answered, "I beg pardon; I thought you were a minister of the gospel." "So I am," was the reply. "How is it that you cannot tell me the way to Christ?" "My friend," said the minister, "*there is no way to Christ.* He is Himself the way. All who believe in Him are justified from all things. There is no way to Christ; Christ is here."

Christ triumphant.—"THERE," said a dying man in a ditch, when the great Emperor Napoleon rode by, and he heard a shout of victory, "let me die. The Emperor has conquered." And oh, may not you

and I be well content to be blotted out and forgotten so long as Christ the King shall come to His own again? He soon shall triumph.

"Christ would be the loser."—A SCOTCH minister tells the story of an aged saint who, on her dying bed, said that her Savior would never leave her to perish. "But suppose that He did not keep His promise, and you were lost?" She answered, "He would be a greater loser than I." When asked what she meant, she answered, "It is true that I would lose my soul; but God would lose His honor and glory if He were not true." . If we have trusted in God, and have come out of the Egypt of the world through His grace, and have left all our sins behind us, if we were left to die in the wilderness, the Lord Jesus Christ would lose His glory as a Savior, the divine Father would lose His name for immutable faithfulness, and the Holy Ghost would lose His honor for perseverance in completing every work which He undertakes. The Lord God of Israel will never stain His glory, wherefore be confident that He who brought you out of Egypt, will bring you into Canaan.

Christians like eagles.—AS I rode along in the South of France, the driver, turning to me, exclaimed, "See, there are eagles!" "No," I said, "not eagles, for eagles fly alone." Seven or eight large birds together, might be hawks or falcons, or kites, but not

true eagles. A royal eagle soars alone into the blue; his mate may bear him company, but he has no crew of comrades around him. The child of God, the true eagle of the skies, when he rises into the diviner ranges of his spiritual life, is, and must be alone.

Christians neglectful of means of grace.—AT a prayer-meeting, some time ago, one brother prayed that the Lord would bless those who were at home on beds of sickness and on sofas of wellness. The last words were unexpected, but very needful. Certain of our friends practice the art of tarrying at home, but I fear they do not divide the spoil. As to prayer meetings and week-night lectures, they are regarded as tasks more than privileges by many professors. They live on one meal a week.

Christians—"Off and on."—I HEARD of a brother who claimed to long having been a teetotaller, but some doubted. When he was asked how long he had been an abstainer, he replied, "Off and on for twenty years." You should have seen the significant smile upon all faces. An abstainer off and on! His example did not stand for much. Certain professors are Christians off and on, and nobody respects them.

Christians on duty.—A POLICEMAN wears an armlet to show that he is on duty, and all believers should feel that such a badge is worn upon their very heart, day and night.

Christians—pilgrims.—We are pilgrims. We journey along a road which has not been smoothed by a steam-roller, but remains rough and rugged as a path to an alpine summit. We push on through a wilderness where there is no way. Sometimes we traverse a dreary road, comparable to a burning sand. At other times sharp trials afflict us as if they cut our feet with flints. Our journey is a maze, a labyrinth: the Lord leads us up and down in the wilderness, and sometimes we seem further from Canaan than ever. Seldom does our march take us through gardens: often it leads us through deserts. We are always travelling, never long in one stay.

Christians—so called.—A boy in the streets, selling mince-pies, kept crying, "Hot mince-pies!" A person bought one of them, and found it quite cold. "Boy," said he, "why did you call these pies hot?" "That's the name they go by, sir," said the boy. So there are plenty of people who are called Christians, but they are not Christians—that's the name they go by; but all the substance is drained out of them by other matters.

Christians—some like old china.—My venerated grandmother owned a set of choice china, a part of which, I believe, is in use now. Why does it exist now? It has seen little service. It only came out on high days and holidays, say once in six months, when ministers and friends came to tea. It was a

very nice set of old china, too good for children to break. Some Christians are like that fine old ware, it would not do to use them too often. They are too good for every day. They do not teach their servants, and try to win the poor people in their neighborhood to Christ. But they talk well at a conference. Oh! you fine bits of eggshell china, I know you. Don't fear. I am not going to break you; yet I would somewhat trouble you by the remark, that in the case of such ware as you are, more pieces get broken in the cupboard than on the table. You will last longer if you get to work for Christ in every-day work. Jesus was not sent out for particular occasions, neither are you.

Christians—Valley.—NUMBERS of Christians seem to live in the marshes always. If you go through the valleys of Switzerland you will find yourself get feverish and heavy in spirit, and you will see many idiots, persons with goitre, and people greatly afflicted. Climb the sides of the hills, ascend into the Alps, and you will not meet with that kind of thing in the pure, fresh air. Many Christians are of the sickly valley breed. Oh, that they could get up to the high mountains and be strong!

Church—A dead.—A DEAD church is a reeking Golgotha, a breeding place of evils, a home of devils. The tombs may be newly whitewashed, but they are none the less open sepulchres, haunts of unclean

spirits. A church all alive is a little heaven, the resort of angels, the temple of the Holy Ghost. In some of our churches everybody seems to be a little colder than anybody else. The members are holy icicles. A general frost has paralyzed everybody; and though some are colder than others, yet all are below zero. There are no flowing rills of refreshment, but everything is bound hard and fast with the frost of indifference. Oh, that the Lord would send forth His wind and melt the glaciers. Oh, that the Spirit of God would chase winter out of every heart and every church. No human power can keep a church from a frost-bite which numbs and kills. Except the Lord be there, growth, life, warmth, are all impossible.

Church—back door to the.—One good old lady I know of used to say sarcastically that she hoped the church would take care that the back door was easy to open, for she was quite sure that if so many came in at the front, there would be a good number who would soon have to be turned out at the back. I am half afraid that she hoped it would be so to justify her criticisms.

Church of God enduring.—Standing in the Colosseum at Rome, I could not, as I looked around on the ruins of that vast house of sin, but praise God that the Church existed though the Colosseum is in ruins. Anyone standing there, when the thousands

upon thousands gloated their eyes with the sufferings of Christians, would have said, "Christianity will die out, but the Colosseum, so firmly built, will stand to the end of time." But lo, the Colosseum is a ruin, and the Church of God more firm, more strong, more glorious than ever.

Confidence—misplaced.—I REMEMBER conversing with a person, who was concerned in one of the great speculations which brought loss and ruin to many, and as I looked into his honest face and heard his open-hearted talk, I said to myself, "This is not a man who is capable of robbery. He is a plain, blunt, farmer-like sort of a man, who might even be the victim of the confidence trick." I afterwards learnt that this is the usual style of the man who puffs a company, or betrays a trust. Of course if a man looks like a thief, you button up your pockets, and smile if he invites you to take shares; but you are off your guard when the man appears to be the embodiment of simple honesty. The woman in the omnibus who picks your pocket looks like the last person to be capable of such a thing, and this is why she is able to do it. Transfer this knowledge to other matters, and it may save you sorrow. If you get to trusting anybody with a blind confidence beyond what you ought to give, and especially if you trust your soul with any priest or preacher, whoever he may be, you are a fool, and your folly may turn out to be an everlasting mischief, which can never be undone.

Contingencies—none with God.—WITH God there are no contingencies. The mighty charioteer of Providence has gathered up all the reins of all the horses, and He guides them all according to His infallible wisdom. There is a foreknowledge and predestination which concerneth all things, from the motion of a grain of dust on the threshing-floor to that of the flaming comet which blazes athwart the sky. Nothing can happen but what God ordains; and therefore, why should we fear?

Conversion.—A MAN may turn his head, and turn but little; he may turn his hand, there is not much movement of the whole body in that; but when he turns his feet, he turns himself completely. The turn we sinners all need is a whole turn.

Conversion—cannot hide.—I REMEMBER a poor man who was converted, but he was dreadfully afraid of his wife—not the only man in the world that is in that fear—and therefore he was fearful that she would ridicule him if he knelt to pray. He crept upstairs in his stockings that he might not be heard, but might have a few minutes' prayer before she knew he was there. His scheme broke down. His wife soon found him out. Genuine conversion is no more to be hidden than a candle in a dark room. You cannot hide a cough. If a man has a cough, he must cough; and if a man has grace in his heart, he will show grace in his life.

Conversion—delayed.—I HAVE heard of a man who had long attended one of the kirks in Scotland, and as he did not get any good, he went off to listen to certain irregular preaching, and there he found peace with God. The old minister warned him of his wickedness in being away from the kirk, and said, in Scotch, what I must put into English, "Donald, you should not have gone to hear that man; he is not of the old kirk." "Well," said Donald, "but I wanted a blessing, and I felt I must go anywhere to get it." "Well," said the minister, "Donald, you should have waited at the pool, like the man in the gospels, till the water was stirred." "Well, sir," said the man, "but you see that man saw that the water was sometimes stirred, and though he did not get in himself, yet he knew that others stepped in and were healed, and that encouraged him to wait a little longer, in the hope that his turn might yet come. But I have lain at your pool these forty years, and I never saw the water stirred, neither did anybody get healed in it; and so I thought it was time for me to look somewhere else." Indeed it was. We cannot afford to be lost for the sake of kirks or chapels.

Conversion—Joy in Heaven.—I REMEMBER Mr. Knill, speaking of his own conversion, used an expression which I should like to use concerning one of you. Here it is: "It was just a quarter past twelve, August 2nd, when twang went every harp in Paradise; for a sinner had repented."

Conversion—Remarkable.—THERE was one who went to hear Mr. Whitefield—a member of the "Hell-fire Club," a desperate fellow. He stood up at the next meeting of his abominable associates, and he delivered Mr. Whitefield's sermon with wonderful accuracy, imitating his very tone and manner. In the middle of his exhortation he converted himself, and came to a sudden pause, sat down broken-hearted, and confessed the power of the gospel. That club was dissolved. That remarkable convert was Mr. Thorpe, of Bristol, whom God so greatly used afterwards in the salvation of others. I would rather have you read the Bible to mock at it than not read it at all. I would rather that you came to hear the Word of God out of hatred to it than that you never came at all.

Conversion—Strange.—I READ in the "Life of John Wesley" a story of Methodists meeting in a barn, and how certain of the villagers, who were afraid to break through the door, resolved to place one inside who would open the door to them during the service that they might disturb the congregation. This person went in before service began, and concealed himself in a sack in the corner of the barn. When the Methodists began to sing, he liked the tune so well that he would not get out of the sack till he had heard it through. Then followed a prayer, and during that prayer, God worked on the man in the sack, so that he began to cry for mercy. The

good people looked around, and were astonished to find a sinner in a sack seeking his Savior. The door was not opened to the mob after all; for he who intended to do so was converted. It does not matter why the people came to hear the gospel; God can bless them in any case.

Conversion—Strange.—A YOUNG man had been for some time under a sense of sin, longing to find mercy; but he could not reach it. He was a telegraph clerk, and being in the office one morning he had to receive and transmit a telegram. To his great surprise, he spelt out these words,—"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." A gentleman out for a holiday was telegraphing a message in answer to a letter from a friend who was in trouble of soul. It was meant for another, but he who transmitted it received eternal life, as the words came flashing into his soul.

Conversion—Sudden.—I KNEW a man who had lived a life of carelessness and indifference, with occasional outbursts of drunkenness and other vices. This man happened one day, on Peckham Rye, to hear a preacher say that if any man would ask anything of God, He would give it to him. The assertion was much too broad, and might have done harm; but this man accepted it as a test, and resolved that he would ask, and thus would see if there was a God. On the Saturday morning of that week, when he was

going early to his work, the thought came upon him, "Perhaps there is a God after all." He was ready to swoon as the possibility struck him, and there and then he offered the test petition, concerning a matter which concerned himself and his fellow-workmen. His prayer was granted in a remarkable manner, and he came then to be a believer in God. He is more than that now, and has found his way to be a believer in all that God has spoken, and has found peace through believing in Jesus Christ. It struck me as wonderful that this man, who never had any religious care at all before, should, on a sudden, be turned to serve the living God. The preacher on Peckham Rye never had a more unlikely hearer, and yet he succeeded with him.

Conversion—Sudden.—THERE must be a moment in which the man is dead, and another moment in which he is alive. I grant you, life would be very feeble at first; still there must be a time in which it was not there at all; and again, there must have been an instant in which it begins. There can be no middle condition between dead and alive. Yet a man may not know *when* the change took place. If you were going to the Cape you might cross the equator at dead of night, and know nothing about it, but still you would cross it. Some poor landsmen have thought that they would see a blue line right across the waves; but it is not perceptible, although it is truly there; the equator is quite

as real as if we could see a golden belt around the globe. Dear friends, I want you to cross the line this morning! Oh, that you might go out of this house saying, "Glory, glory, hallelujah! God has had mercy upon me." Though you feel this morning that you would not give twopence for your life, yet if you come to God through Jesus Christ you shall go away blessing God not only that you are alive, but that you shall live forever, happy in His love.

Conversion—surprising.—THE chaplain of a jail, a dear friend of mine, once told me of a surprising case of conversion in which a knowledge of the covenant of grace was the chief instrument of the Holy Spirit. My friend had under his charge a man most cunning and brutal. He was singularly repulsive, even in comparison with other convicts. He had been renowned for his daring, and for the utter absence of all feeling when committing acts of violence. I think he had been called "the king of the garotters." The chaplain had spoken to him several times, but had not succeeded even in getting an answer. The man was sullenly set against all instruction. At last he expressed a desire for a certain book, but as it was not in the library the chaplain pointed to the Bible, which was placed in his cell, and said, "Did you ever read *that* book?" He gave no answer, but looked at the good man as if he would kill him. The question was kindly repeated,

with the assurance that he would find it well worth reading. "Sir," said the convict, "you would not ask me such a question if you knew who I was. What have I to do with a book of that sort?" He was told that his character was well known to the chaplain, and that for this very reason he recommended the Bible as a book which would suit his case. "It would do me no good," he cried, "I am past all feeling." Doubling up his fist he struck the iron door of the cell, and said, "My heart is as hard as that iron; there is nothing in any book that will ever touch me." "Well," said the chaplain, "you want a new heart. Did you ever read the covenant of grace?" To which the man answered sullenly by enquiring what he meant by such talk. His friend replied, "Listen to these words—'A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you.'" The words struck the man with amazement, as well they might; he asked to have the passage found for him in the Bible. He read the words again and again; and when the chaplain came back to him next day, the wild beast was tamed. "Oh, sir," he said, "I never dreamed of such a promise! I never believed it possible that God would speak in such a way as that to men. If He gives me a new heart it will be a miracle of mercy; and yet I think," he said, "He is going to work that miracle upon me, for the very hope of a new nature is beginning to touch me as I never was touched before." That man

became gentle in manner, obedient to authority, and childlike in spirit.

Conversion—unexpected.—THERE was a woman who had been in such a dreadful despair that she would not even hear the gospel for years. She came to be very ill, and she said to one who called upon her, "You sent a man to preach under my window three months ago, and I got a blessing." "No," the friend said, "I did not send anyone to preach under your window." "Oh," she said, "I think you did, for he came and preached, and my maid said there was nobody listening to him. I did not want to hear him, and as he made such a noise, my maid closed the window, and I lay down in bed; but the man shouted, so I was obliged to hear him, and I thank God I did, for I heard the gospel, and I found Christ. Did you not send him?" "No," said the good man, "I did not." "Well," she said, "then God did. There was nobody in the street listening to him; but I heard the gospel, and I got out of my despair, and I found the Savior, and am prepared to die."

Convincing testimony.—I REMEMBER the story of a lawyer who attended a class meeting. He heard about a dozen tell what the Lord had done for them; and he said as he sat there, "If I had a case in court I should like to have these good people as witnesses. I know them all, they are my neighbors, they are simple-minded people, straightforward and honest,

and I know I could carry any case if I had them on my side." Then he very candidly argued that what they all agreed upon was true. He believed them in other matters, and he could not doubt them in this, which was to them the most important of all. He tried religion for himself and the Lord heard him, and very soon he was at the class meeting, adding his witness to theirs. If I were to put the question at this present moment to my audience, what would be the result? You that have had answers to prayers, say "Ay." (The response came like a thunder-clap.) I am sure there are none of us who have ever tried the power of prayer would have to say "No." If I were to put the contrary, there would be no answer. All who are accustomed to pray will vote with the ayes.

Courage.—SPLENDID was the courage of Alexander when they told him that there were hundreds of thousands of Persians. "Yet," he said, "one butcher fears not myriads of sheep." "Ah!" said another, "when the Persians draw their bows, their arrows are so numerous that they darken the sun." "It will be fine to fight in the shade," cried the hero. O friends, we know Whom we have believed, and we are sure of triumph!

Covenant—The.—REMEMBER the old Scotch wife, who thanked God for the porridge, and then thanked Him that she had a covenant right to the

porridge, since He had said, "Verily, thou shalt be fed." Oh, it makes life very sweet to take everything from the hand of a covenant God, and to see in every mercy a new pledge of covenant faithfulness! It makes life happy ; and it also inspires a believer to do great things for his gracious God. Standing on covenant ground we feel consecrated to the noblest ends.

Covenanters—The.—In my bedroom I have hung up the picture of an old Covenanter. He sits in a wild glen with his Bible open before him on a huge stone. He leans on his great broadsword, and his horse stands quietly at his side. Evidently he smelleth the battle afar off, and is preparing for it by drinking in some mighty promise. As you look into the old man's face you can almost hear him saying to himself, "For the crown of Christ and the Covenant, I would gladly lay down my life this day." They did lay down their lives, too, right gloriously, and Scotland owes to her covenanting fathers far more than she knows. It was a grand day that in which they spread the Solemn League and the Covenant upon the tombstones of the old kirkyard in Edinburgh, and all sorts of men came forward to set their names to it. Glorious was that roll of worthies. There were the lords of the Covenant and the common men of the Covenant; and some pricked a vein and dipped the pen into their blood, that they might write their names with the very fluid of their

hearts. All over England also there were men who entered into a like solemn league and covenant, and met together to worship God according to their light, and not according to human order-books. They were resolved upon this one thing—that Rome should not come back to place and power while they could lift a hand against her; neither should any other power in throne or Parliament prevent the free exercise of their consciences for Christ's cause and covenant. These stern old men, with their stiff notions have gone. And what have we in their places? Indifference and frivolity. We have no Roundheads and Puritans; but then we have scientific dress-making, and we play lawn-tennis! We have no contentions for the faith; but then our amusements occupy all our time. This wonderful nineteenth century has become a child, and put away manly things. Self-contained men, men in whom is the true grit, are now few and far between as compared with the old covenanting days.

Credulity.—CREDULITY towards man and incredulity towards God are singular things to find in the same person. We cannot help seeing in the daily papers how easily people are duped. Get up a prospectus, and a list of names as directors, including a titled pauper, and you can bring in money by wagon-loads. The confidence trick can still be successfully performed. One impostor lived for months by calling at the door of guileless old people in alms-

houses, and telling them that a cousin in America had died, and left them a fortune, but it was essential that fees should be paid at the government offices, and then the legacy would at once be handed over. Times and times the money has been scraped together, the rogue has gone his way, and no more has been heard of the cousin in America. There are so many simpletons about that rogues reap harvests all the months of the year.

Cross our all—The.—THE cross is all I want for security and joy. Truly, this bed is long enough for a man to stretch himself upon. The cross is a chariot of salvation, wherein we travel the high road of life without fear. The pillow of atonement heals the head that aches with anguish. Beneath the shadow of the cross I sit down with great delight, and its fruit is sweet unto my taste. I have no impatience even to haste to heaven while resting beneath the cross, for our hymn truly says,—

> "Here it is I find my heaven,
> While upon the cross I gaze."

Cross our sign—The.—AS Constantine, in his dream, saw the cross, and took it for his emblem, with the motto, "By this sign I conquer," so to-day our only hope of victory for the gospel is that the cross of Christ displays it, and the name of Jesus is in it. His name is named on us, and in His name we will cast out devils, and do many mighty works, till His name shall be known and honored wherever the sun

pursues his course, or the moon cheers the watches of the night.

CHILDREN of shame may be made heirs of glory.

CHRIST is a great frequenter of cottages.

CHRIST is all blessing.

CHRIST is ready for every emergency.

C. H. S.: Away with him! I. H. S.: Let that dear name be glorified.

COMMUNION with God is a great maker of music.

CONSTANCY is the proof of sincerity.

CONTINUED delay of duty is a continuous sin.

CONVERSION days are our high holidays.

CONVERSIONS are not run into moulds.

CRIES are not for musicians, but for mourners.

Death-day.—I CAME this week out of a quiet bed chamber where I saw a Sunday-school teacher passing away. It was a little sanctuary. Everything so quiet, peaceful, happy. Death cast no shadow over the sweet face. Heaven lighted the features. It seemed more like a marriage-day than a death-day. Why are these dying beds so happy? Because these people have any goodness of their own? Far from it; without exception they disown it. Because they are strong and self-contained? No. I might speak of young and old believers, greatly emaciated by long

sickness, and yet as greatly strong in faith. What brings this peace? Truly, the Lord was there. His presence realized makes death a small matter. Do we not sing—

> "Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
> My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
> Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
> Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd"?

The presence of God with the soul of a believer, swallows up death in victory, and ought else that is terrible in time or in eternity loses its terror in the presence of the mighty God of Jacob.

Decision delayed difficult.—I THINK, sometimes, God treats men as Benjamin Franklin treated the man who stood loafing in his bookshop, and at last took up a book, and said, "How much is this?" Franklin replied, "A shilling." "A shilling?" he said; "a shilling?" and he would not give the price. After staying for about ten minutes he said, "Come, Mr. Franklin, now what will you take for it?" Franklin answered, "Two shillings." "No," he said, you are joking." "I am not joking," said Franklin, "the price is two shillings." The man waited, and sat a while, thinking. "I want the book," he drawled out, "still, I will not give two shillings. What will you take for it?" Franklin said, "Three shillings." "Well," said the man, "why do you raise your price?" To which Franklin responded, "You see, you have wasted so much of my time that I could better have

afforded to have taken one shilling at first than three shillings now." Sometimes if men come to Christ at the very first invitation, it is a sweet and easy coming. But when people wait, when they postpone believing, when they violate conscience, when they tread down all the uprising of holy thoughts within them, it becomes much harder for them to trust in Christ than it would have been when He was first preached to them.

Decision—needed.—If confessors, reformers, martyrs, and covenanters had been recreant to the name and faith of Jesus, where would have been the churches of to-day? Must we not play the man as they did? If we do not, are we not censuring our fathers? It is very pretty, is it not, to read of Luther and his brave deeds? Of course, everybody admires Luther! Yes, yes; but you do not want anyone else to do the same to-day. When you go to the Zoological Gardens you all admire the bear; but how would you like a bear at home, or a bear wandering loose about the streets? You tell me that it would be unbearable, and no doubt you are right. So, we admire a man who was firm in the faith, say four hundred years ago; the past ages are a sort of bear-pit or iron cage for him; but such a man to-day is a nuisance, and must be put down. Call him a narrow-minded bigot, or give him a worse name if you can think of one. Yet imagine that in those ages past, Luther, Zwingle, Calvin, and their com-

peers had said, "The world is out of order; but if we try to set it right we shall only make a great row, and get ourselves into disgrace. Let us go to our chambers, put on our nightcaps, and sleep over the bad times, and perhaps when we wake up things will have grown better." Such conduct on their part would have entailed upon us a heritage of error. Age after age would have gone down into the infernal deeps, and the pestiferous bogs of error would have swallowed all. These men loved the faith and the name of Jesus too well to see them trampled on. Note what we owe them, and let us pay to our sons the debt we owe to our fathers. It is to-day as it was in the Reformers' days. Decision is needed. Here is the day for the man, where is the man for the day? We who have had the gospel passed to us by martyr hands dare not trifle with it, nor sit by and hear it denied by traitors, who pretend to love it, but inwardly abhor every line of it. The faith I hold bears upon it marks of the blood of my ancestors.

Deliverance through trust.—YEARS ago the Mentonese desired to break away from the dominion of the Prince of Monaco. They therefore drove out his agent. The Prince came with his army, not a very great one, it is true, but still formidable to the Mentonese. I know not what the high and mighty princeling was not going to do; but the news came that the King of Sardinia was coming up in the rear

to help the Mentonese, and therefore his lordship of Monaco very prudently retired to his own rock. When a believer stands out against evil he may be sure that the Lord of hosts will not be far away. The enemy shall hear the dash of His horse-hoof and the blast of His trumpet, and shall flee before Him. Wherefore be of good courage, and compel the world to say of you, "He trusted in the Lord that He would deliver him."

Desires.—THERE are vast desires in us all, and when we are quickened, those desires expand and enlarge. Man feels that he is not in his element, and is not what he intended to be. He is like a bird in the shell, he feels a life within him too great to be forever confined within such narrow bounds. Do you not, dear friends, feel great longings? Does not your soul seethe with high ambitions? Our immortal nature frets beneath the burden of mortality, its spiritual nature is weary of the chains of materialism. That hungering will never be hushed into content till we receive Christ; but when we have Him we learn that we are the sons of God, heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ, and that it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.

Devotion—Whole-hearted.—THE pearl fisher standing on the rock plunges deep into the sea; he does not know whether or no he shall bring up a pearl

that will decorate an emperor's diadem, but he searches the deeps in that hope: and why should not he bring up such a treasure as well as anybody else? No matter though the fisherman himself may be coarse, and ragged, and rugged; yet he may light upon a priceless pearl. And you, whoever you may be, I charge you in the name of the eternal God, plunge yourself into your work with whole-hearted devotion, and you shall yet discover some hidden jewel, which shall adorn Immanuel's diadem.

Differences—ended.—WHAT would you say to your child if he said, "Father, I shall not come to see you on your birthday; I shall not join with the rest of the family in the usual festival." "Why not?" "Because my brother is not what he ought to be; and till he mends his ways, I shall not keep your birthday." Your father would say, "My dear son, is that any reason why you should not remember *me?* Surely I am not to blame for what your brother does. Come to the feast, and think of me." So do I say to you if you have any personal angers and differences, do not smother them, but end them.

Differing feelings divide.—ACCORDING to the well-worn fable, two persons who are totally different in their pursuits, cannot live well together: the fuller and the charcoal-burner were obliged to part; for whatever the fuller had made white, the collier had blackened with his finger. If differing pursuits di-

vide, much more will differing feelings upon a vital point. It is Jesus, whom Jehovah likes to honor; and if you will not trust even Jesus with your soul's salvation, you grieve the heart of God, and he can have no pleasure in you.

Difficulties.—When out in a yacht in the Clyde we came opposite the great rock called the Cock of Arran. Our captain did not steam right ahead, and rush at the rock; no, he did what was much wiser: he cast anchor for the night in the bay at the foot of it, so that we were sheltered from the wind by the vast headland. I remember looking up through the darkness of the night, and admiring its great sheltering wing. A difficulty was it. It became a shelter. Every now and then in Scripture you come before a vast truth. Will you steam against it and wreck your soul? Will you not, with truer wisdom, cast anchor under the lee of it?

Divinity—marrow of.—When in Scotland, under the reign of Moderatism, the gospel seemed to have died out, one earnest man by accident fell in with a little book, Fisher's "Marrow of Divinity," was enlightened as to the pure truth of God, began at once to preach it, and found thousands to rejoice in it. That marrow has never been taken away from Scotland's bones ever since, nor can it, nor shall it, let the devil do what he may. A desperate and subtle attempt is now being made, but it will be assuredly foiled through the wisdom of God.

Doing more.—NEVER talk of what you have done, but go on to something else. An officer rode up to his general, and said, "Sir, we have taken two guns from the enemy." "It is well," said the general, "take two more."

Doubt—cure for.—WHEN a soul has drawn near to Jesus, and has been fed by Him, it is no more troubled with doubts than a man at the equator is bitten by frost. "I believe in the Bible," said one. "How can you do that?" sneered another. "Because I know the Author," was the fit reply. If you are walking in the light with your Lord, questions and doubts are heard no more but you adore in deep restfulness of soul, "knowing that it is the Lord."

Drones—or idle people.—I WONDER whether we shall ever have a day such as the bees celebrate in its due season. You may, perhaps, have seen them dismissing the unproductives. It is a remarkable sight. They say to themselves, "Here are a lot of drones eating our honey, but never making any; let us turn them out." There is a dreadful buzz, is there not? But out they go. I do not propose to turn you out, or to make a buzz; but if ever those who do work for Christ should burn with a holy indignation against do-nothings, some of you will find the place too hot for you.

Dwarfs and Giants.—WHEN we mix with dwarfs we think ourselves giants, but in the presence

of giants we become dwarfs. When we think of the saints departed, and remember their patience in suffering, their diligence in labor, their ardor, their self-denial, their humility, their tears, their prayers, their midnight cries, their intercession for the souls of others, their pouring out their hearts before God for the glory of Christ, why we shrink into less than nothing, and find no word of boasting on our tongue. If we survey the life of the only Perfect One, our dear Lord and Master, the sight of His beauty covers our whole countenance with a blush.

Dying in the dark.—A CHILD of God may die in the dark. One said to old Mr. Dodd, the quaint old Puritan, "How sad that our brother should have passed away in darkness! Do you doubt his safety?" "No," said old Mr. Dodd, "no more than I doubt the safety of Him who said, when He was dying, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?'" Full assurance is not of the essence of salvation.

DESPAIR of spirit has fled when you have leaned hard on the Cross-Bearer.

"DEUS VULT"—God wills it—is a grand cry to produce a crusade.

Do not please the devil by distrusting your faithful God.

Earthly joys.—THE joys of this life are like the ice palace of Montreal, which is fair to look up-

on while the winter lasts, but it all dissolves as the spring comes on. All things round about us here are myths and dreams. This is the land of fancies and of shadows.

Earthly things degrading.—Do not slice pieces out of your manhood, and then hope to fill up the vacancies with bank notes. He who loses manliness or godliness to gain gold is a great cheater of himself. Keep yourselves entire for God, and for His Christ, and let all other matters be additions, not subtractions. Live above the world. Its goods will come to you when you do not bid high for them. If you hunt the butterfly of wealth too eagerly, you may spoil it by the stroke with which you secure it. When earthly things are sought for as the main object, they are degraded into rubbish, and the seeker of them has fallen to be a mere man with a muck rake, turning over a dunghill to find nothing. Set your hearts on nobler things than self.

Ebb-and-flow Christians.—Is not Christian life with a great many very like the condition of the sea? The sea advances, it gains gradually upon the beach —you would think it was about to inundate the land; but after it has reached its highest point it retires, and so it spends its force in perpetual ebb and flow. Are not ebb-and-flow Christians as common as sea-shells?

Ebenezer!—We feel something of the mind of

Sir Francis Drake, who, after he had sailed round the world, was buffeted with a storm in the Thames. "What!" said he, "have we sailed round the world safely, and shall we be drowned in a ditch?" So do we say at this day. Helped so long, and helped so often! God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Why should we fear? How dare we fear?

Effects of evil fellowship.—"LOOK," said a wife to her husband, "how can you drink at the rate you do? Why, a hog would not do so." The wretched man replied, "No, I do not suppose that it would. It would be more sensible than I am, no doubt; but," he said, "if there was another hog at the other side of the trough that said 'I will drink your health,' this hog would be obliged to do the same; and if there were half a dozen together, and they kept on toasting one another, I expect the hog would get as drunk as I am." Sad are the effects of evil fellowship.

Efficacy of earthly prayer.—A LADY was one day at an evening party, and there met with Caesar Malan, the famous divine of Geneva, who, in his usual manner, enquired of her whether she was a Christian. She was startled, surprised, and vexed, and made a short reply to the effect that it was not a question she cared to discuss; whereupon Mr. Malan replied with great sweetness that he would not persist in *speaking* of it, but he would pray that she

might be led to give her heart to Christ, and become a useful worker for Him. Within a fortnight she met the minister again, and asked him how she must come to Jesus. Mr. Malan's reply was, "Come to Him just as you are." The lady gave herself up to Jesus: it was Charlotte Elliott, to whom we owe that precious hymn,—

> "Just as I am—without one plea,
> But that Thy blood was shed for me,
> And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
> O Lamb of God I come."

It was a blessed thing for her that she was at that party, and that the servant of God from Geneva should have been there, and should have spoken to her so faithfully.

Encouragement.—You remember the story of the man who had a good wife, and one said to him, "Why, she is worth her weight in gold." "Yes," he said, "she is worth a Gibralter rock in gold, but I never tell her that. You know that it is necessary to maintain discipline, and if I were to tell her how much I really value her, she would not know herself." Well, now, that is wrong. It does people good to be told how highly we value them. There is many a Christian man and woman, who would do better if now and then some one would speak a kindly word to them, and let them know they had done well.

Encouragement, gentle.—WHAT trouble some of us used to have, forty-five years ago, when we got up of a morning, and had to strike a light in the old-fashioned way. There we were, with a flint and a steel, striking away, in a tiresome manner, till we spied a little spark down in the tinder; oh, such a little one, and then we gently tried to blow it into a flame! How we used to prize a spark on a cold, frosty morning, when our fingers were pretty well frozen! We never put out sparks by shutting the lid on the top of the tinder, but we tried if we could to light our match. Now, the Lord Jesus will blow upon you with the soft breath of His love, till the little spark will rise into a flame.

End strife -death is near.—I REMEMBER well the story of a husband who had grieved his wife. I do not know what had happened,—some little awkward word or deed. He went out of the house. He had to fell timber that day, and he turned back and said, "Wife, I am very sorry. Let us part good friends. Give me a kiss." Alas, she turned away! All day long she sorrowed, for she loved him well, and she grieved to think that he was gone without that kiss of love. He never came back alive. Four men brought him home a corpse. She would have given a thousand worlds if they had not parted so. Now, do not part with anybody that you love with any kind of tiffs or quarrellings. End all that, for death is near. If there is but a step between you and

death—if the judge is at the door—go and wind up your little difficulties. You that have family quarrels, wipe them out. You that have got any malice in your hearts, turn it out.

Endurance to the end.—Sir Francis Drake, after he had sailed round the world, came up the Thames, and when he had passed Gravesend there came a storm which threatened the ship. The brave commander said, "What! go round the world safely, and then get drowned in a ditch? Never!" So we ought to say God has upheld us in great tribulations, and we are not going to be cast down about trials which are common to men.

Endurance wins.—It is said that the French had courage enough on the spur of the moment to have rushed up to the cannon's mouth, but that the German was the victor because he could quietly abide the heat of the battle; and when affairs looked black, he doggedly kept his post. In the long run *stay* is the winning virtue; he that endureth to the end the same shall be saved. He who can wait with hope is the man to fight with courage.

Eternal life—a free gift.—I have heard that a missionary, trying to make an Oriental understand salvation by grace, set it out in many ways to him and failed, until at last he cried, "Salvation is a *backsheesh* of the Almighty." Then the Eastern caught the idea. Eternal life is the free gift of God, which

He bestows on men not because of anything in them, or anything that they have done, or felt, or promised but because of His own infinite bounty, and the delight which He has in showing mercy.

Evil company.—You have your comfort and joy: refuse to be robbed of them. Why, if you were in a room, and you saw a certain number of gentlemen of a suspicious character, and you had your watch with you, you would not feel it necessary to stop and see whether they were able to extract your watch from you, but you would say to yourself, "No, I am best out of this company." We are safest out of the society of those whose great object it is to rob us of our faith.

Evil conquered.—The very easiest way to give resurrection to old corruptions is to erect a trophy over their graves; they will at once lift up their heads and howl out, "We are alive still." It is a great thing to overcome any sinful habit, but it is needful to guard against it still, for you have not conquered it so long as you congratulate yourself upon the conquest.

Evil turned to good.—I had once a friend, an upright, gracious man, a gentleman whom God had prospered. He had, when engaged in a bank, acted uprightly in a matter in which his superiors judged him to be scrupulously foolish, and therefore dismissed him. He could not do wrong; and so he was

left with a wife and family, without a situation, and, as everybody told him, irretrievably ruined, because of his "foolish conscience." He was for years the head of that very bank. In a singular way, the Lord made his discharge the means of his advancement, so that he rose, step by step, to be the master, where he had been the rejected servant; and this, humanly speaking, would not have come about, if it had not been for the incident mentioned. Have faith that God can turn the evil into good, and that which threatens to annihilate you, will be the means of your enlargement.

Excess in right.—A LITTLE excess in the right may be faulty. It may be wise to look, but foolish to gaze. There is a very thin partition sometimes between that which is commendable and that which is censurable. There is a golden mean which it is not easy to keep. There is a gazing which is not commendable when the look becomes not that of reverent worship, but of an overweening curiosity, when there mingles with the desire to know what should be known a prying into that which it is for God's glory to conceal. It is of little use to look up into an empty heaven.

Experience.—WHEN fresh-water sailors first go to sea every capful of wind frightens them; and if the vessel lurches a little they cry, "She will certainly go over"; but the old tar, who knows what a storm

means, thanks God for the wind, for it will drive the ship more rapidly into port, and he never minds a lurch or two; he has his sea legs by this time; and so men who have been blessed of God for years ought to be equally at ease.

Experience my own.—An infidel once sneered at a poor woman, and said, "How do you know the Bible is true?" She answered, "I have experienced the truth of it." He replied, "Your experience, that is nothing to do with me." "No," she said, "that's very likely, but it's *all* to do with me." And so it is. My experience may not convince another man, but my experience has rooted, grounded, and settled myself.

Experience teaches.—A boy climbed into a neighbor's garden, and stole some unripe plums, and, after eating them, he became very ill, and was forced to drink pints of horrible physic to save his life. When he was better, his schoolfellows said to him, "Come with us, and steal some plums"; but they seemed to be mocking him. The boy is very strait-laced, is he not? He recollects the gripes and pains which those plums brought him, and he will have no more of them. The burnt child dreads the fire. Thus the Lord often brings His people away from their sins by giving them sharp, cutting experiences of what evil will do for them.

External religion.—At sea the dredge brings up creeping things innumerable, and among them creatures that have their own natural shell to live in; but here comes a fellow who has annexed the shell of a whelk, and bears it about as if it were his own. He lives in it while it suits him, and he gives up the tenancy when it becomes inconvenient; the shell is not part of himself. Avoid such a religion. Beware of a Sunday shell and a week-day without the shell. That religion you *can* part with, you had better part with. If you can get rid of it, get rid of it. If it is not a part and parcel of yourself, it is good for nothing. If it does not run right through you like a silver thread through a piece of embroidery, it will not avail for your eternal salvation.

Extremity, God's opportunity.—If we have still a batch of dough in the kneading trough which we brought out of Egypt the windows of heaven will not yet be opened, but when the last little cake has been baked the manna will fall around the camp. As long as we can feel the bottom of the river we have not reached the best waters to swim in. When the barley loaves and the few small fishes are all broken, then the miracle of multiplying begins.

Empty buckets are fittest for the well of grace.

Every ungodly man may have his life-lease run out to-morrow.

EVERY day wear the red cross on your arm, by avowing your faith in the atoning blood.

EVERYTHING it will honestly bear, you may pile upon the back of a divine promise.

EVERY believer in the cross must bear the cross.

Faith.—WHEN William Huntington wrote his "Bank of Faith," some people called it a "Bank of Nonsense." I could write twenty "Banks of Faith," and every word should be as sure as an honest man could write; but the only result would be, that people would say, "Oh, well, you know, that is the result of the good man's fanaticism." The moment that the moderns do not like to believe a thing they call it fanatical.

Faith and repentance.—WHICH is first, the new birth, or faith, or repentance? Nobody can tell which spoke of a wheel moves first; it moves as a whole. The moment the divine life comes into the heart, we believe: the moment we believe, the eternal life is there. We repent because we believe, and believe while we repent.

Faith casts out doubt.—I AM like the good man and his wife who had kept a lighthouse for years. A visitor who came to see the lighthouse, looking out from the window over the waste of waters, asked the good woman, "Are you not afraid of a night when the storm is out, and the big waves dash right over the lantern? Do you not fear that the lighthouse

and all that is in it will be carried away?" The woman remarked that the idea never occurred to her now. She had lived there so long that she felt as safe on the lone rock as ever she did when she lived on the mainland. As for her husband, when asked if he did not feel anxious when the wind blew a hurricane, he answered, "Yes, I feel anxious to keep the lamps well trimmed, and the light burning, lest any vessel should be wrecked." As to anxiety about the safety of the lighthouse, or his own personal security in it, he had outlived all that. Even so is it with me: "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day." From henceforth let no man trouble me with doubts and questionings; I bear in my soul the proofs of the Spirit's truth and power, and I will have none of your artful reasonings. The gospel to me is truth: I am content to perish if it be not true. I risk my soul's eternal fate upon the truth of the gospel, and I know no risk in it. My one concern is to keep the lamps burning, that I may thereby enlighten others. Only let the Lord give me oil enough to feed my lamp, so that I may cast a ray across the dark and treacherous sea of life, and I am well content.

Faith in commander.—THE ship is on fire; the bales of cotton are pouring forth a black, horrible smoke; passengers and crew are in extreme danger, but a capable captain is in command, and he says

to those around him, "If you will behave yourselves, I think I shall be able to effect the escape of you all." Now, if they trust in the captain they will do precisely as he orders. No sailor or engineer will refuse to work the pumps, or to prepare the boats, neither will any passenger disobey rule. In proportion to their confidence in their leader will be the alacrity with which they obey him at once. They believe his orders to be wise, and so they keep to them. Neither their fear, nor their rashness, will lead them to rush to and fro contrary to his bidding if they have a firm trust in him. When the boats are lowered, and are brought one by one to the ship's side, those who are to fill them wait till their turns come, in firm reliance upon the captain's impartiality and prudence. They will get into the boats or they will wait on board, for they consider that his orders are dictated by a better judgment than their own. So far as each man and each woman firmly believes in the superior officer, discipline will be maintained.

Faith in the promises.—A PERSON comes to the bank with a check. He believes it to be honestly his, and the signature to be correct. He puts it down on the counter, and the clerk puts out the money. But see, the man does not take it. He stands and loafs about; and the clerk looks at him, and wonders what he is at. At last, when the person has been there long enough to wear the good man's

patience out, the clerk says, "Did you bring the check to have the money?" "Yes, I handed it in." "Well, then, why do you not take the money and go about your business?" If he is a sensible man, he delays no longer; nay, he would not have delayed so long. He takes the money and departs in peace. Now dear soul, if thou hast a promise from God—"He that believeth is not condemned," or "He that believeth hath everlasting life": dost thou believe? Then take the blessing and go about your business.

Faith must be used.—Did you ever hear of a captain of a vessel driven about by rough winds who wanted anchorage and tried to find it on board his vessel? He desires to place his anchor somewhere on board the ship where it will prove a hold-fast. He hangs it at the prow, but still the ship drives; he exhibits the anchor upon deck, but that does not hold the vessel; at last he puts it down into the hold, but with no better success. Why, man alive, anchors do not hold as long as they are on board a ship. They must be thrown into the deep, and then they will get a grip of the sea-bottom, and hold the vessel against wind and tide. As long as ever you have confidence in yourselves, you are like a man who keeps his anchor on board his boat, and you will never come to a resting-place. Over with your faith into the great deeps of eternal love and power, and trust in the infinitely faithful One.

Faith not feeling.—SUPPOSE that there is a ship out at sea, and those on board feel they are safe. One of them says, "I know we shall not drift far out of our course. Why? Because we have such a big anchor on board." You say, "Ah, he is a cockney. He must be a fool who believes in an anchor on board." Why it is no good to anybody. It is when you let go the anchor, and lose sight of it, and the anchor gets an unseen grip down below, that it is good for something, but while the anchor is on board it is so much dead weight on the ship. You want to have your anchor on board, do you not? You do not like it to enter that which is within the veil, that is too mysterious. You want to feel something, to have something for your own.

Faith—practical.—MULTITUDES of people have a kind of faith in God, but it does not come to the practical point of trusting that God will deliver them. I see upon the newspaper placards, "*Startling news! People in the planets!*" Not a very practical discovery. For many a day there has been a tendency to refer God's promises and our faith to the planets, or somewhere beyond this present every-day life. We say to ourselves, "Oh, yes, God delivers His people." We mean that he did so in the days of Moses, and possibly He may be doing so now in some obscure island of the sea. Ah, me! The glory of faith lies in its being fit for every-day wear.

Faith subdues fear.—I KNEW a youth, near forty years ago, who was staying with relations when a thunderstorm of unusual violence came on at nightfall. A stack was struck by lightning and set on fire, within sight of the door. The grown-up people in the house, both men and women, were utterly overcome with fright. The strong men seemed even more afraid then the women. All the inmates of the house sat huddled together. Only this youth was quietly happy. There was a little child upstairs in bed, and the mother was anxious about it; but even her love could not give her courage enough to pass the staircase windows, to bring that child down. The babe cried, and this youth, whom I knew right well, who was then but newly converted, went upstairs alone, took the child, and, without hurry or alarm, brought it down to its mother. He needed no candle, for the lightning was so continuous that he could see his way right well. He felt that the Lord was wonderfully near that night, and so no fear was possible to his heart. He sat down and read a Psalm aloud to his trembling relatives, who looked on the lad with loving wonder. That night he was master of the situation, and those in the house believed that there was something in religion which he had so lately professed. I believe that if all of us can, by God's grace, get such a sense of God's nearness to us in times of danger and trouble that we remain calm, we

shall bring much honor to the cause of God and the name of Jesus.

Faith, taught by Nature.—MUNGO PARK, the African traveller, lost his way in the wilds, and there and then was cheered by viewing a tiny moss, and marking its singular beauty. He saw the finger of God in that small object, and felt sure that God would take care of him. So may we be taught faith; by every created thing the Creator can do all things.

Faith, the certainty of hope.—WHEN I had found Christ and joined the church, I began to teach in the Sabbath school, but my little class of boys taught me more than I taught them. I was speaking to them one day about "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved"; and one of the boys said to me, "Teacher, have you believed?" I said, "Yes." "And have you been baptized?" "Yes." "Then you are saved, teacher?" he asked. "I hope so." The boy looked me straight in the face and said, "And don't you know, teacher?" I replied, "Yes, I do know it." "Of course," said the boy, "the text says so. If it ain't true, it ain't true, and if it is true, it is true, and nobody need hope about it." So it was. The boy used good logic. The Scripture saith, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved"; and therefore he that believeth and is baptized, is saved.

Faith the greatest faculty.—IN the school of grace, faith is the greatest faculty by which we make

advances in wisdom. If by faith thou hast been able to say, "A and B and C," it must be by faith that thou shalt go on to say, "D and E and F," until thou shalt come to the end of the alphabet, and be an expert in the book of wisdom. If by faith thou canst read in the spelling book of simple faith, by the same faith in Christ Jesus thou must go on to read in the classics of full assurance, and become a scribe well instructed in the things of the kingdom. Keep, therefore, close to the practice of faith, from which so many are turning aside.

Faith, the queen bee.—THE other day I saw my bees swarming; they hung on a branch of a tree in a living mass; the difficulty was to get them into a hive. My man went with his veil over his face and began to put them into the skep; and I noticed that he was particularly anxious to get the queen bee into it; for if he once had her in the hive the rest would be sure to follow and remain with her. Now, faith is the queen bee. You may get temperance, love, hope and all those other bees into the hive; but the main thing is to get simple faith in Christ, and all the rest will come afterwards. Get the queen bee of faith, and all the other virtues will attend her.

Faith to be used.—GOD never gave us faith to play with. It is a sword, but it was not made for presentation on a gala day, nor to be worn on state occasions only, nor to be exhibited upon a parade

ground. It is a sword that was meant to cut and wound and slay; and he who has it girt about him may expect, between here and heaven, that he shall know what battle means. Faith is a sound, sea-going vessel, and was not meant to lie in dock and perish of dry rot. To whom God has given faith, it is as though one gave a lantern to his friend because he expected it to be dark on his way home. The very gift of faith is a hint to you that you will want it; that at certain points and places you will especially require it, and that, at all points, and in every place, you will really need it.

Faithfulness.—You know what the old man-servant said, in the olden time, when his master angrily said, "We must part John." "I hope not, sir. Where are you going?" He had no intention to go himself. "Ah!" said his master, "I do not intend to employ you any longer." The old servant is said to have answered, "Sir, if you have not a good servant, I know that I have a good master, and I do not mean to leave him. I cannot think of going away." It is a grand thing to feel that you are not going away from God—that you have such a good Master that you are going to cling to the posts of His door; and if He puts you out by the front door, you mean to come in at the back. Let the Lord do what He pleases, I am forever bound to belong to Him only. Brother, resolve that if you cannot preach for your Lord, you will hear for Him;

and if you cannot be a leader of the church, you will be a follower somewhere; but your Lord you will serve forever.

False confidence.—SOME trust in horses; it may be you have fine horses of morality and religiousness, you have many virtues upon which you think you might fairly depend: give up these trusts. Have you lately been trotting out your horses before your whole family, and saying to your wife, "I am not like many men. I never drink too much, neither do I treat my household unkindly"? Put away these horses. You cannot come to God riding on pride. Say "We will not ride upon horses." Put away every confidence in yourself, in whatever fashion it appears.

Familiarity breeds neglect.—I AM told that the good people in the valley of Ohio, whose houses have been swept away by the tornado, had a warning that the storm was coming. The storm drums were out, and newspapers announced there was a great depression coming their way. They did not take any notice of that information, it did not seem very threatening, they were used to paragraphs in the paper. If it was only once in a year that the weather could be fairly depicted, we should be wanting to buy the gazette, but now, as we get it every morning, we do not take any notice of it. These poor Ohio friends took no notice, and were by no

means prepared for the hurricane. Familiarity breeds neglect.

Fear about your future.—When a great vessel is crossing the sea, and another comes within sight, they propose the question, "Where are you bound?" If the other vessel took no notice, gave no answer whatever, it would look suspicious. A craft that will not say where it is going, we don't like the look of. If one of Her Majesty's vessels were about, and it challenged a sail, and received no reply to the question, "Where are you bound for?" I think they would fire a shot across her bows and make her heave to till she did answer. Might not the silent craft prove to be a pirate? When a man confesses he does not know where he is going, or what his business may be, the policeman concludes he is probably going where he ought not to go, and has business on hand which is not as it should be. If you are afraid to consider your future, your fear is a bad omen. The tradesman who is afraid to look into his accounts will, before long, have them looked into for him by an officer from the Bankruptcy Court. He who dares not see his own face in the glass, must be an ugly fellow; and you who dare not behold your characters, have bad characters.

Fear of man.—Think of a king saying, "I am afraid," but that is what the French king said to Bernard Palissy, the potter. As nearly as I can

remember the story, the monarch said, "Palissy, you must go to mass." "That I never will," he answered. "Then I am afraid I shall have to give you up to be burnt." "There," said Palissy, "your Majesty could never make me say such a word as that, with all your power. I am no king, only a poor potter, but nobody made me say, 'I am afraid.'" Oh that fear of men, that dread of ridicule, that wishing to avoid sarcasm! How it has made a man come down from the dignity of his office, from the honor of the position which God has conferred upon him, and has made him baser than the menials around him.

Floral preaching.—MANY are the floral displays in sermons. Sheaves of corn are too plain and rustic. This is the age of bouquets and wreaths of rare flowers. Paul must give way to Browning, and David to Tennyson. There are enough in the novelty business without us: and we have something better to do. We have to give an account unto our God of what we do and say, and if we have been murderers of souls, it will be no excuse that we flourished the dagger well, or that when we gave them poison we mixed the draught cleverly, and presented it with poetical phrases.

Food—Christ our.—A MAN is made by that which he feeds upon, and for the best manhood you need the best food. As certain silk-worms have their silk colored by the leaves on which they feed, so if we

were to feed on Christ, and nothing else but Christ, we should become pure, holy, lowly, meek, gentle, humble; in a word, we should be perfect even as He is.

Food—Heavenly.—THERE are different theories of what we ought to eat. One person tells us that, if anybody suffers from rheumatism, he must eat so many pounds of meat in a day. Other doctors have vehemently said, "You must not touch meat. It will heat you if you do. You must keep to a strictly vegetable diet." I believe that these learned persons know one as much as the other about it; and probably the whole of them put together know so little that a very small round nought might encompass all their certain knowledge as to health and disease. But there is one thing we do know, that the bread which the Israelites ate in the wilderness, the manna, was the best sort of food. It was God's own invention; and he who created man best knew what nutriment his life would require. It was not aerated bread, but it was celestial bread which had never been soured with earthly leaven, but had dropped immediately from the sky: the best food that men could eat if they would be healthy, active, and able to endure a hard and toilsome life.

Forces—God hidden.—OUR royal Leader has hidden forces at His command. Sir Walter Scott speaks of the Highland chieftain, in the lone glen, who

gave his whistle shrill, and straightway an army arose, where none had been seen before:—

"From shingles gray their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow wand,
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior armed for strife."

Thus can our Lord garrison His church in a moment.

Form—The leaves of.—When tea was first introduced into this country a person favored a friend with a pound of it. It was exceedingly expensive, and when he met his friend next, he enquired, "Have you tried the tea?" "Yes, but I did not like it at all." "How was that? Everybody else is enraptured with it." "Why," said the other, "we boiled it in a saucepan, threw away the water, and brought the leaves to table; but they were very hard, and nobody cared for them." Thus many people keep the leaves of form and throw away the spiritual meaning.

Freed from sin.—I saw two men yesterday handcuffed and marched to the carriage to be taken off to prison. They could not move their wrists. But, suppose I had walked behind them with my wrists close together and had never opened my hands nor stirred them, and said, "Alas! I committed, years ago, some wrong, and have handcuffs put upon me"? You would naturally say, "Well, but are they not taken off?" And I reply, "Yes, I have heard they are, but somehow, through habit, I go about as if I

had them on." Would not everybody say of me, "Why that man must be insane!" Now you, child of God, once had the handcuffs on; your sins were upon you; but Jesus Christ took them off. When you believed in Him He broke all your fetters, and now they are not there.

Fruitless action.—We may, under the influence of great love, act unwisely. I remember well seeing the action of a woman whose only son was emigrating to a distant colony. I stood in the station, and I noticed her many tears and her frequent embraces of the boy; but the train came up and he entered the carriage. After the train had passed beyond the station, she was foolish enough to break away from friends who sought to detain her; she ran along the platform, leaped down upon the railroad, and pursued the flying train. It was natural, but it had been better left undone. We had better abstain from acts which serve no practical purpose; for in this life we have neither time nor strength to waste in fruitless action.

Future state.—I verily believe, if we could see ourselves as we shall be, it would make us laugh for very joy. If we could look in some magic glass, in which a man could see himself in the glorified state, we should sit down and look at it with amazement till we should cry, "Can that be me? Is it possible that I shall ever come to such glory and beauty?"

O my brother, you are only in the egg as yet; you have chipped a little bit of it, and you have looked out; but the most that you have seen is your own shell. Know you not that you have wings? Yes, wings which you cannot stretch as yet, for they are bound down by the shell; but you shall spread them soon and mount aloft into that clear blue where eagles are at home. You shall rise above all visible things, and reach the serene abodes of the blessed.

FAITH gathers the handfuls of sacred corn, from which contemplation threshes out the ears and prepares soul-sustaining bread.

FAITH is a salamander that lives in the fire, a star which moves in a lofty sphere, a diamond which bores its way through the rock.

FAITH is the acorn from which the oak of holiness will grow.

FAITH is the fountain, the foundation and the fosterer of obedience.

FAITH is the mother of holiness and the nurse of virtue.

FAITH knows that whenever she gets a black envelope from the heavenly post-office, there is a treasure in it.

FAITH laughs at that which fear weeps over.

FAITH must be a constant tenant, not an occasional guest.

FAITH sees sweet love in every bitter cup.

FANATICISM is a tornado of the flesh.

FULL assurance is the Koh-i-noor amongst the jewels wherewith the heavenly Bridegroom adorns His spouse.

Giving—Hearty.—I RECOLLECT when I was able to journey through the country preaching, I, for several years, stayed occasionally with a fine old English farmer. He used to have a piece of beef upon the table; I do not know how many pounds it weighed, but it was enormous, and I said to him one day, "Why is it that whenever I come here you have such immense joints? Do you think that I can eat like a giant? If so, it is a great mistake. Look at that joint, there," I said, "if I were to take it home, it might last me a month." "Well," he said, "if I could get a bigger bit I would, for I am so glad to see you; and if you could eat it all, you should be heartily welcome. I want everybody who comes here to-day to feel that I will do my very best for you." He did not measure my necessities to the half-ounce, but he provided on a lavish scale. I quote this homely instance of giving heartily, to show you how, on a divine scale, the Lord makes ready for His guests.

Giving—manner of.—THERE is a way of turning a penny into stone or into gold, according to the way in

which you give it to a poor man. You can fling it at him as if he were a dog, and he will be about as grateful to you as a dog, or not so much. But there is a way in which you can say, "I am sorry for your needs; this is all I can afford you now. Take it and do what you can with it." Given with a brotherly look, it will be gratefully received, and made the most of. There is much in the manner, as well as in the matter of the gift. The mannerism of Christ is grandly gracious: He saves us rejoicingly.

Gladness.—You have heard machinery at times complaining wretchedly; it has gone on with horrible gratings and creakings. It has set your teeth on edge. Fetch the oil-can! We must cure this jarring. Every now and then we need a few drops of the oil of gladness to make the wheels of our work move pleasantly. Men of the world teach us the value of joyous song. How readily the anchor rises when the sailors unite in cheery cries! Soldiers when weary on the march find their spirits revived when the band strikes up a stirring tune. Let it be so to-day. I would have you praise God with the sound of the trumpet. Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.

Glory in humility.—When Sapor, the great Persian, jested with a Jew about his Messiah riding upon an ass, he said to him, "I will send Him one of my horses"; to which the Rabbi replied, "You cannot

send Him a horse that will be good enough, for that ass is to be of a hundred colors." By that idle tradition the Rabbi showed that he had not caught the idea of the prophet at all, since he could not believe in Messiah's lowliness displayed by his riding upon a common ass. The Rabbinical mind must needs make simplicity mysterious, and turn lowliness into another form of pomp. The very pith of the matter is that our Lord gave Himself no grand airs, but was natural, unaffected, and free from all vainglory. His greatest pomp went no further than riding through Jerusalem upon a colt, the foal of an ass. The Mohammedan turns round with a sneer, and says to the Christian, "Your Master was the rider of an ass; our Mohammed was a rider of a camel; and the camel is by far the superior beast." Just so; and that is where the Mohammedan fails to grasp the prophetic thought: he looks for strength and honor, but Jesus triumphs by weakness and lowliness. How little glory is to be found in the grandeur and display which princes of this world affect! There is far more true glory in condescension than in display.

Glory of the Lord.—HAVE you never heard how the Laplanders climb the hills when the sun is at last about to appear after the weary winter months? How they rejoice in the first beams of the rising sun? So let us rise to lofty meditation, and look to our Lord and Master till we perceive His mediatorial glory, and are blessed thereby. Have you no time?

Give up your newspaper for a week that you may sanctify the time to the noble end of considering the glory of your Lord; and I will warrant that you shall get a thousand times more out of such thought than from skimming the daily journal. Look unto Jesus, and the light within will grow like the glory of heaven.

God everywhere.—I REMEMBER once visiting a poor Christian in the hospital, who had often attended my ministry, and he said, "Why, sir, you have given us so many illustrations, that, as I lie in bed, everything I see, or hear, or read of, brings to mind something in your sermons." How much more true is this of our Great Teacher: we are glad that he has hung up the Gospel everywhere, till every dewdrop reflects Him, and every wind whispers His name. Day and night talk to each other of Him, and the hours commune concerning things to come.

God first—means second.—WE often stop at the means, and begin to calculate their natural force, and thus we miss our mark. The point is to get beyond the instruments to the God who uses the instruments. I think that I have heard that a tallow candle fired from a rifle will go through a door: the penetrating power is not in the candle, but in the force impelling it. So in this case it was not the barley-biscuit, but the almighty impulse, which urged it forward, and made it upset the pavilion. We are nothing; but God with us is everything. "He giveth power to

the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength."

God lives.—WHILE God lives, truth is in the ascendant. I remember years ago meeting with that blessed servant of God, the late Earl of Shaftesbury. He was at Mentone with a dying daughter, and he happened that day to be very much downcast—as, indeed, I have frequently seen him, and as, I am sorry to confess, he has also frequently seen me. That day he was particularly cast down about the general state of society. He thought that the powers of darkness in this country were having it all their own way, and that, before long, the worst elements of society would gain power, and trample out all virtue. Looking up into his face, I said to him, "And is God dead? Do you believe that while God lives the devil will conquer Him?" He smiled, and we walked along by the Mediterranean communing together in a far more hopeful tone. The Lord liveth and blessed be my Rock. As long as the Lord liveth our hope lives also. Gospel truth will yet prevail; we shall live to see the old faith to the front again. The church, like Noah's dove, will come back to her rest again, and bring somewhat with her which shall prophesy eternal peace.

"God make me new."—I THINK it was Charles the First who used to swear, "God mend me." Somebody said it would be an easier job to make a new one of

him, and I believe it. When men say "God mend, me," they had better say, "God make me new."

God never weary.—I HAD a dear friend, whose company I esteemed, but on a sudden he did not come to see me. He stayed away; and as I knew he had not ceased to love me, I wondered why. At last I found that the good brother had taken it into his head that he might outrun his welcome. He had read those words of Solomon, "Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbor's house; lest he be weary of thee, and so hate thee." I admired my friend's prudence, but I labored hard to make him see that Solomon knew nothing of me, and that I was more wearied when he stopped away than when he came. I hope he made me an exception to a very sensible rule. But never get that thought into your head concerning your God. Will you weary my God also? You may weary Him by restraining prayer, but never by abounding in supplication. Abide with your God, and cry to Him day and night, and let this be the music of your whole life, "whereunto I may continually resort."

God or gold.—APPARENT zeal for God may really be zeal for gold. The Emperor Maximilian showed great zeal against idolatry, and published a decree that gold and silver images should be melted down. He was extremely zealous about this. The images

were all to be melted down, and the metal forfeited to the Emperor. It was shrewdly suspected that this great iconoclast was not altogether swayed by unselfish motives. When a business brings grist to the mill it is not hard to keep to it. Some love Christ because they carry His bag for Him.

God's delight in us.—A LITTLE babe, if it had wit, and could look at itself, would say, "How inferior I am to my father! What feeble hands! What tottering feet! I am a poor, puny, dependent creature." Yes, but that is not the way in which the mother thinks of it. She spies out a loveliness in the weakness, and a beauty in the littleness of her babe. She looks at it until her eyes swim with tears lest anything should harm it. She thinks it the most beautiful thing that ever was, and doubtless it is so to her. Our God has all the instincts of motherhood and fatherhood blended in one; and when He looks upon His church He calls her "Hephzibah"—"My delight is in her." I read not that He delights in the works of Nature alone, but He rejoices in the *habitable* parts of the earth. He does not rejoice in the works of His hands so much as in the works of His heart. The whole Godhead is at home in blessing those whom everlasting love has ordained to everlasting life.

God's help in daily life.—I AM reminded of Havelock and his saints in the Indian Mutiny. There was a stern fight to be fought, and the general said, "Send

for Havelock and his saints," and they soon accomplished the task. When you get men who thoroughly serve Christ in whatever position of life they are, they are terrible fellows. They will do the thing where others will only talk about it. For God does help, in the ordinary concerns of daily life, those who put their trust in Him.

God's watchmen—Christians.—In times of war, every fortified city had upon its walls certain watchmen, so as to see eye to eye; that is to say, the eye of one sentinel reached to the eye of another, and so they encompassed the city round about. Whoever passed that way by day or night, they challenged him; and if he turned out to be a foe, they gave an alarm, and straightway men-at-arms came forth from the guard-room, and the city was protected against a surprise. God's people, and especially the stronger, the more instructed, and the most experienced of them, should act as watchmen on the walls, for Christ's sake.

God's Watchmen—Ministers.—We are not set to keep the Church of God by day only, but amid the dews and frosts of the darkest night are we to maintain our watch. Christians are to be sentries who will not retreat into the barrack room because of the cold, nor quit the rampart because of the heat. At night, watchmen are most required. We are to be instant in season; giving the password at each different time when the watch reports itself, and thus,

never holding our peace day or night. We are to be instant out of season, for at such times the enemy is most likely to come. God's watchmen are not taken on by the hour, to watch by turns; but they are bound to be, throughout life, watchers for souls. We are never off duty. We take a day and night shift. Our rest is in the Lord's service; our creation is in change of occupation.

God's word to be believed.—LOCKE, the great philosopher, spent the last fourteen years of his life in the study of the Bible, and when asked what was the shortest way for a young gentleman to understand the Christian religion, he bade him read the Bible, remarking: "Therein are contained the words of eternal life. It has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth, without any admixture of error, for its matter." There are those on the side of God's Word whom you need not be ashamed of in the matter of intelligence and learning; and if it were not so, it should not discourage you, when you remember that the Lord has hid these things from the wise and prudent and has revealed them unto babes. We believe with the apostle that "the foolishness of God is wiser than men." It is better to believe what comes out of God's mouth, and be called a fool, than to believe what comes out of the mouth of philosophers, and be, therefore, esteemed a wise man.

God with His saints.—As the heavens stand unshored and unsupported, save by the Word of God, so stands the man of God. Remember how Luther realized this; and when they said that Duke George would oppose him, he said, "If it rained Duke Georges, I would not care, so long as I have God with me."

> "Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
> Have nothing else to fear;
> Make you His service your delight,
> He'll make your wants His care."

Good news.—The first missionaries to Greenland thought that the natives were too debased to understand at once the doctrine of atonement, therefore they began to tell them of the existence of a God, and so on. No effect was produced by such stale information; but when translating the chapter of John in which the passage occurs, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life," a Greenlander said, "Is that true?" And when the missionary affirmed that it was, "Why, then," said he, "did you not tell us that at first, for that is good news indeed?"

Good soldiers.—Two things are wanted in a good soldier—steadiness under fire, and enthusiasm during a charge. The first is the more essential in most battles, for victory often depends upon the power of endurance which makes a battalion of men

into a wall of brass. We want the dashing courage which can carry a position by storm—that will be used up in the second characteristic — "Always abounding in the work of the Lord."

Gospel—a gun.—THE gospel is our Mons Meg, the biggest gun in the castle; but it is not out of date: it will carry a ball far enough to reach the heart of the sinner who is furthest from God. Satan trembles when he hears the roar of the gospel gun. Let it never be silent.

Gospel an offence to enemies.—A GREAT general going in before his king stumbled over his sword. "I see," said the king, "your sword is in the way." The warrior answered, "Your Majesty's enemies have often felt the same." That our gospel offends the King's enemies is no regret to us."

Gospel—a trumpet.—IT chanced one evening when there was a large gathering of friends at the Orphanage, that our boys were sweetly discoursing a hymn tune upon their bells, the American organ was being played as an accompaniment, and all the gathered company were singing at their best, making a rushing flood of music. Just then I hinted to our friend, Mr. Manton Smith, to put in a few notes from his silver cornet; and when he placed it to his lips, and threw his soul into it, the lone man was heard above us all. Bells, organ, voices, everything seemed to yield before that one clear blast of trum-

pet music. So will it be to the gospel. Only sound it out as God's own word, and let the power of the Holy Ghost go with it, and it will drown all music but its own.

Gospel heard in vain.—Did you ever go to a physician? Did you ever wait for an hour or two before you could see the great man? Did you give him your guinea? Did he hand you a prescription? Tell me, did you leave it on the table? Did you fold it up carefully and put it in your pocket? Did you keep it there? Did you not have the medicine made up? Did you not take it? Suppose that in a month's time some one were to say, "Did you see the doctor?" "Yes, I went to see him." "Did you have a prescription?" "He gave me a bit of paper with some writing on it, but I do not know what it was, for I cannot read Latin." "You do not mean to say you have not had it made up at the chemist's?" "No," you say, "I was satisfied with seeing the doctor." Dear friends, you smile at this description of folly; for it is such gross unwisdom. Be wise, then; do not hear the gospel in vain by neglecting God's demands. If you know how to be saved, obey the command.

Gospel—Hearing the.—Remember Hugh Latimer's quaint story when he urged all his hearers to go and hear the gospel. He even praised that sleepless woman who had been taking sleeping medicine, but

found that there was no drug strong enough to make her sleep, till at last she said "If you would take me to the parish church I know that I could go to sleep; for I have slept there every Sunday for many years." She was taken to that place of rest, and was soon at peace. "Well, well," said Latimer, "she had better come for sleep than not come at all." And so I say: even if you come here to sleep, the Lord may rouse you to seek and find the Savior.

Gospel—necessary to be plain.—WHEN a city is to be stored for a siege, it will be well for those who attend to the commissariat to lay in a proportion of everything that is necessary for human comfort, and even a measure of certain luxuries; but it will be of first importance to bring in large quantities of corn. The necessaries of life must be the chief provision. These we place in storehouses by tons, whereas in other articles, pounds may suffice. If there be a failure of bread, what will the people do? For this reason I feel I must preach over and over again the plain gospel of salvation by grace, through faith in Christ Jesus.

Gospel—no monopolizing the.—I HAVE heard say that in the old Bread Riots, when men were actually starving for bread, no word had such a terribly threatening and alarming power about it as the word "Bread!" when shouted by a starving crowd. I have read a description by one who once heard this cry: he

said he had been startled at night by a cry of "Fire!" but when he heard the cry of "Bread!" "Bread!" from those who were hungry, it seemed to cut him like a sword. Whatever bread had been in his possession he must at once have handed it out. So it is with the gospel; when men are once aware of their need of it, there is no monopolizing it.

Gospel—plain.—A MAN said, about something he wished to make clear, "Why, it is as plain as A B C!" "Yes," said a third party, "but the man you are talking to is D E F." So some of our hearers seem to turn away from the Word of God. Let us explain the gospel as we may, if there is no desire in the heart, our plainest messages are lost.

Gospel—poor man's.—THE longer I live, the more I bless God that we have not received a classical gospel, or a mathematical gospel, or a metaphysical gospel; it is not a gospel confined to scholars and men of genius, but a poor man's gospel, a ploughman's gospel; for that is the kind of gospel which we can live upon and die upon. It is to us not the luxury of refinement, but the staple food of life. We want no fine words when the heart is heavy, neither do we need deep problems when we are lying upon the verge of eternity, weak in body and tempted in mind. At such times we magnify the blessed simplicity of the gospel. Jesus in the flesh made manifest becomes our soul's bread. Jesus bleeding on

the cross, a substitute for sinners, is our soul's drink. This is the gospel for babes, and strong men want no more.

Gospel—The.—God will save by the gospel still: only let it be the gospel in its purity. This grand old sword will cleave a man's chine, and split a rock in halves. How is it that it does so little of its old conquering work? I will tell you. Do you see this scabbard of artistic work, so wonderfully elaborated? Full many keep the sword in this scabbard, and therefore its edge never gets to its work. Pull off that scabbard. Fling that fine sheath to Hades, and then see how, in the Lord's hands, that glorious two-handed sword will mow down fields of men as mowers level the grass with their scythes. There is no need to go down to Egypt for help. To invite the devil to help Christ is shameful. Please God, we shall see prosperity yet, when the church of God is resolved never to seek it except in God's own way.

Gospel—The.—I sat yesterday with two tubes in my ears to listen to sounds that came from revolving cylinders of wax. I heard music, though I knew that no instrument was near. It was music which had been caught up months before, and now was ringing out as clearly and distinctly in my ears as it could have done had I been present at its first sound. I heard Mr. Edison speak: he repeated a childish ditty; and when he had finished he called upon his

friends to repeat it with him; and I heard many American voices joining in that repetition. That wax cylinder was present when these sounds were made, and now it talked it all out in my ear. Then I heard Mr. Edison at work in his laboratory: he was driving nails, and working on metal, and doing all sorts of things, and calling for this and that with that American tone which made one know his nationality. I sat and listened, and I felt lost in the mystery. But what of all this? What can these instruments convey to us? But oh, to sit and listen to the gospel when your ears are really opened! Then you hear God Himself at work; you hear Jesus speak; you hear His voice in suffering and in glory, and you rise up and say, "I never thought to have heard such strange things! Where have I been to be so long deaf to this? How could I neglect a gospel in which are locked up such wondrous treasures of wisdom and knowledge, such measureless depths of love and grace?" In the gospel of the Lord Jesus, God speaks into the ear of His child more music than all the harps of heaven can yield.

Gospel—The, and its simplicity despised.—Did you ever read Culpepper's "Herbal?" I hope you have never taken any of the physic which that learned herbalist prescribes. In one mess you will find a dozen articles, each one of them monstrous, and in many a prescription you will find a score or more of herbs most curiously compounded. Such were the

prescriptions of still earlier times. If they did no good, they did at least bewilder the patient. And now to-day what is the new gospel that is proposed to us? It is the gospel of "culture." Culture! This, of course, is the monopoly of our superiors. It is only to be enjoyed by very refined persons, who have been to college, and who carry inside of them a whole university, library and all. The gospel, which is made to be plain enough for wayfaring men, is for that reason despised. That Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners is too commonplace a teaching. That He bare our sins in His own body on the tree is rejected as an outrageous dogma, unfit for this intelligent age!

Gospel—The simple.—I WAS struck with what one said the other day of a certain preacher. The hearer was in deep concern of soul, and the minister preached a very pretty sermon indeed, decorated abundantly with word-painting. I scarcely know any brother who can paint so daintily as this good minister can; but this poor soul, under a sense of sin, said, "There was too much landscape, sir. I did not want landscape; I wanted salvation." Dear friend, never crave word-painting when you attend a sermon; but crave Christ. You must have Christ to be your own by faith, or you are a lost man. When I was seeking the Savior I remember hearing a very good doctrinal sermon; but when it was over I longed to tell the minister that there was a poor lad there who wanted

to know how he could be saved. How I wished he had given half a minute to that subject! Dr. Manton, who was usually a clear and full preacher of the gospel, when he preached before the Lord Mayor, gave his lordship something a cut above the common citizens, and so the poorer folk missed their portion. After he had done preaching his sermon, an aged woman cried, "Dr. Manton, I came here this morning under concern of soul, wanting a blessing, and I have not got it, for I could not understand you." The preacher meekly replied, "The Lord forgive me! I will not so offend again." He had overlooked the poor, and had thought mainly of my Lord Mayor. Special sermons before mayors, and queens, and assemblies are seldom worth a penny a thousand.

Gospel—weary of the.—I HAVE heard of a flower girl who sold violets in the street, and had to take those that remained home to her poor, miserable room, every night, till she said that she hated the smell of violets: she could not bear them, having got so accustomed to them. "That is strange," says one; yet that is how some of our gospel-hearers speak. I dread above anything that your nostrils should become so familiar with the sweet smell of the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley, that their fragrance should become nauseous to you.

"Got it."—IF thou canst believe, thou art saved. I cannot help quoting my brother Hill's expression

the other day: "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life" (John vi. 47). You know how he put it: "H A T H spells *got it*." So it does; it is a curious but a perfectly correct way of spelling it. If you take Christ to yourself, He will never be taken from you. Breathe the air, and the air is yours; receive Christ, and Christ is yours, and you have attained to righteousness.

Grace apparent in action.—As one of the old Puritans used to say, our graces are not apparent unless they are in exercise. You walk through a preserve, and there may be partridges and pheasants and hares all round you. You will not see them till one flies out of his hiding, or a hare starts before you. You see them in motion, but while they are quiet in the copse, you did not observe them. So may love to Christ and all Christian virtues lie concealed till they are called into action.

Grace at work.—If you had an old house, and any friend of yours were to say, "John, I will build you a new house. When shall I begin?" "Oh!" you might say, "begin next week to build the new house." At the end of the week he has pulled half your old house down. "Oh," say you, "this is what you call building me a new house, is it? You are causing me great loss: I wish I had never consented to your proposal." He replies, "You are most unreasonable: how am I to build you a new house on

this spot without taking the old one down?" And so it often happens that the grace of God does seem in its first work to make a man even worse than he was before, because it discovers to him sins which he did not know to be there, evils which had been concealed, dangers never dreamed of.

Grace—Doctrines of.—WHEN I read some sermons they remind me of a piece of common by the road-side, after a hungry horde of sheep have devoured every green thing; but when I read a solid gospel sermon of the Puritans, it reminds me of a field kept for hay, which a farmer is at last obliged to give up to the sheep. The grass has grown almost as high as themselves, and so they lie down in it, eating and resting too. Give me the doctrines of grace, and I am in clover.

Grace finds men.—MANY are like that Indian who, passing up the mountain side pursuing game, grasped a shrub to prevent his slipping, and as its roots gave way they uncovered masses of pure silver, and thus the richest silver mine was discovered by a happy accident by one who looked not for it. These Gentiles discovered in Christ the righteousness which they needed, but which they had never dreamed of finding. This reminds us of our Lord's own parable: the man was ploughing with oxen, and on a sudden the ploughshare struck upon an unusual obstacle. He stopped the plough and turned up the soil, and

lo! he found a crock of gold! This "treasure hid in a field" at once won his heart, and for joy thereof he sold all that he had, and bought the field. Grace finds men who else would never have found grace.

Grace glides into glory.—Often travellers by railway ask, "When do we pass from England into Scotland?" There is no jerk in the movements of the train; no broad boundary, you glide from one to the other, and scarce know where the boundary is. The eternal life that is in the believer glides along from grace to glory without a break.

Gratitude.—The ancients had many rare stories of the gratitude of wild beasts. You remember that of Androcles and the lion. The man was condemned to be torn to pieces by wild beasts; but a lion, to which he was cast, instead of devouring him, licked his feet, because at some former time Androcles had extracted a thorn from the grateful creature's foot. We have heard of an eagle who so loved a boy with whom he had played, that, when the child was sick the eagle sickened, too; and when the child slept, this strange bird slept; and when the child awoke, the eagle awoke. When the child died, the bird died too. You remember that there is a picture in which Napoleon is represented as riding over the battlefield, and he stops his horse as he sees a slain man with his favorite dog lying upon his bosom, to do what he can to defend his dead master. Even the great manslayer paused

at such a sight. There is gratitude amongst the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air. And surely if we receive favors from God, and do not feel to love Him in return, we are worse than brute beasts; and so, the Lord, in that pathetic verse in Isaiah, pleads against us: "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." If we receive favors from God, it is but natural we should return them.

Gratitude—cheerful.—I HAVE sometimes admired a dog for his economical use of comforts. When it has been a long rainy day, the sun has just popped out, and there has been a gleam of sunlight on the floor; I have seen him get up and wag his tail, and shift his quarters, so as to lie down where the bit of sunshine was. It is a fine thing to have just that state of mind never to go sullenly into the shadow, but always go cheerfully to accept the square yard of sunshine, and make the most of it. There is something, after all, to be thankful for, something for which to praise the name of God.

Gratitude in heaven.—I SOMETIMES tell the story of what happened to me, when I declared, in a sermon, that, in the heaven of the grateful, I would sing the loudest of them all, because I owed more to the grace of God than anybody else. I meant it not out of any sense of superiority, but rather inferiority. One good old soul, when I came down the pulpit

stairs, said to me, "You have made a great mistake in your sermon." I answered, "No doubt I made a dozen." "Nay, but," she said, "the great mistake was this: you said you owed more to God than anybody else, but you do not owe anything like so much as I do. I have had more grace from Him than you have. I have been a bigger sinner than ever you were. I shall sing the loudest." "Well, well," I thought, "I will not quarrel with her; it shall make me the more glad to find I am outdone." I found that all the Christians were much of the same mind. Brethren, we will have it out when we get up yonder. But you shall praise God indeed, if you praise Him more than I will; and you must be double debtors to the Lord if you owe Him more than than I do.

Greed of gain.—I HAVE distinctly seen a man become "the architect of his own fortune," and the destroyer of himself. He has built up a palatial estate upon the ruins of his own manhood. It is a pity when a man bricks himself up with his growing gains. See you that hole in the wall? The man stands in it and greedily cries for bricks and mortar. Golden bricks and silver mortar, he must have. They bring him the materials. He cries eagerly for more. He cannot be content until he builds himself in. The wall which shuts him out from his fellow-men, and from the light of peace and true joy, rises higher and higher, month by month, and year by year. His

sympathies and charities are bricked up, for the wall is more than breast high. Still he pines for more metallic material. At last he is built in, buried beneath his own gatherings, lost to all manhood through his accumulations. You see his house; you see his carriages and his horses; you see his broadcloth and his broad acres; but you cannot see the man. Heart, soul, aspiration, spirituality, it is all gone, and nothing remains but a vault of greed and care, to be itself buried beneath a monument bearing these words, "He died worth half a million."

Growth in Grace.—AT first we give little children such food as will be easily assimilated; they have nothing else but milk. By-and-by hard crusts are given them, for there are wisdom teeth to be cut. Suppose when we give them more solid food, they began crying out for the milk again, should we give it them? The Lord does not wish you always to be babes, He would have you grow into men in Christ Jesus; and though Christ is always your food whether He comes to you as milk or as meat, yet still He will not always be milk to you lest you should remain a babe. He means to be meat to you, that your senses may be exercised, that you may be able to understand the stronger and deeper truths of the Kingdom of God.

Growth in grace.—I HAVE had the portraits of my two boys taken on their birthdays, from the first

birthday till they were twenty-one. The first year the little fellows are sitting, two of them in one perambulator. At twenty-one they are doing nothing of the sort: they are men full-grown. Yet I can trace them all along, from the time when they were babes, till they became little boys, and then youths, and then young men. I should not have been pleased to have seen them wheeled about in the perambulator for twenty-one years. So I do not want to have any of you remaining in spiritual infancy: we long to see you come to the fulness of the stature of perfect men in Christ Jesus.

Growth in grace.—The other day there landed on the shores of France a boatful of people sodden with rain and salt-water; they had lost all their luggage, and had nothing but what they stood upright in: they were glad, indeed, to have been saved from a wreck. It was well that they landed at all; but when it is my lot again to cross to France, I trust I shall put my foot on shore in a better plight than that. I would prefer to cross the Channel in comfort, and land with pleasure. There is all this difference between being "saved so as by fire," and having "an abundant entrance ministered unto us" into the kingdom. Let us enjoy heaven on the road to heaven. Why not? Instead of being fished up as castaways, stranded upon the shores of mercy, let us take our passage on board the well-appointed liner of Free

Grace; let us, if possible, go in the first cabin, enjoying all the comforts of the way, and having fellowship with the great Captain of our Salvation. Why should we think it enough to be mere stowaways? I would stir you up, dear friends, at this time, to aspire after the best gifts. Grow in grace. Increase in love to God, and in nearness of access to Him, that the Lord may at this good hour stoop down to us as our great Friend, and then lift us up to be known as His friends.

Growth in grace.—EVERY man among us has to wear out at least one pair of green slippers; and when he has worn them out, then he puts on something better by way of travelling gear, and has his feet "shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace." We generally begin with a fool's boots at first, but God, who makes the foolish wise, makes men of us at length.

Growth in grace.—MOST of us recollect our childish mirth when we began to wear garments, which we thought would make us look like men. When I first wore boots, and walked through the stubble with my big uncle, I felt that I was somebody. That, of course, was childish pride; but it has its commendable analogy in the pleasure of gathering spiritual strength, and becoming equal to higher labors and deeper experiences. When you find you do not lose your temper under provocation as you did

a year ago, you are humbly thankful. When an evil lust is driven away, and no longer haunts you, you are quietly joyful, rejoicing with trembling. When you have sustained a trial which once would have crushed you, the victory is exceedingly sweet. Every advance in holiness is an advance in secret happiness.

Guidance—divine.—THERE is a story told of a certain friend who one night was influenced to take his horse from the stable and ride some six or seven miles to a certain house where lived a person whom he had never seen. He arrived at the dead of night, knocked at the door, and was answered by the master of the house, who seemed to be in great confusion of mind. The midnight visitor said, "Friend, I have been sent to thee. I know not why, but surely the Lord has some reason for having sent me to thee. Is there anything peculiar about thy circumstances?" The man, struck with amazement, asked him to come upstairs, and there showed him a halter tied to a beam. He was putting the rope about his neck to commit suicide when a knock sounded at the door. He resolved that he would go down and answer the call and then return to destroy himself; but the friend whom God had sent talked to him and helped him, and the man lived to be an honorable Christian man.

GET right within, and you will be right without.

GOD blesses us many times every time he blesses us.

GOD can use inferior persons for grand purposes.

GOD gives small creatures great delight.

GOD has no thunderbolts for those who hate their sins.

GODLINESS is not a rack nor a thumbscrew.

GODLY people are thoughtful people. Indeed, it is often a sign of the beginning of grace in a man when he begins to consider.

GOOD delayed is evil indulged.

GOOD works are not to be an amusement, but a vocation.

GRACE baptizes us into blessedness.

GRACE does not exempt us from activity.

GRACE makes the servant of God to be in the highest sense a true gentleman.

GRACE personally received must be personally acknowledged.

GREAT birds seldom have the gift of song.

GRIEF has small regard for the laws of the grammarian.

Happy dying.—Mr. Rowland Hill used merrily to say when he got old that he hoped that they had not forgotten him. That is how he came to look at death; and he would go to some old woman if he could, and say, "Now, dear sister, if you go before I go, mind that you give my love to John Bunyan, and the other Johns. Tell them that Rowley is stopping behind a little while, but he is coming on as fast as he can." Oh! it is a sweet thing gradually to melt away, and have the tenement gradually taken down, and yet not to feel any trouble about it, but to know that you are in the great Father's hands, and you shall wake up where old age and infirmities will all have passed away, and where, in everlasting youth, you shall behold the face of Him you love.

Hard to die.—A sage said to a worldling, when he looked over his beautiful gardens, "These are the things that make it hard to die." You will have to leave everything which you call your own here; and you have no possessions over yonder.

Hearers—forgetful.—There is a sad aptitude in many hearers to forget the essential point, and think of our stories and illustrations rather than of the practical duty which we would enforce. A celebrated minister, who has long ago gone home, was once taken ill, and his wife requested him to go and consult an eminent physician. He went to this physician, who welcomed him very heartily. "I am

right glad to see you, sir," said he. "I have heard you preach, and have been greatly profited by you, and therefore I have often wished to have half an hour's chat with you; if I can do anything for you I am sure I will." The minister stated his case. The doctor said, "Oh, it is a very simple matter; you have only to take such and such a drug, and you will soon be all right." The patient was about to go, thinking that he must not occupy the physician's time; but he pressed him to stay, and they entered into pleasant conversation. The minister went home to his wife, and told her with joy what a delightful man the doctor had proved to be. He said, "I do not know that I ever had a more delightful talk. The good man is eloquent, and witty, and gracious." The wife replied, "But what remedy did he prescribe?" "Dear," said the minister, "I quite forgot what he told me on that point." "What," she said, "Did you go to a physician for advice, and have you come away without a remedy?" "It quite slipped my mind," he said; "the doctor talked so pleasantly, his prescription has quite gone out of my head."

Heart—An evil.—PLINY was wont to say that it was a miracle that the world escaped burning for a single day, and I do not wonder at the remark, considering the character of the district in which he spent much of his time. Yonder is Vesuvius, ready at any moment to vomit fire, and continually sending

up clouds of smoke. Ascend the mountain side, clambering over ashes and masses of lava; all beneath you is glowing; thrust in your staff and it is charred.

Heart lost.—I KNEW a man who lost his heart. His wife had not got it, and his children had not got it, and he did not seem as if he had got it himself. "That is odd," say you. Well, he used to starve himself. He scarcely had enough to eat. His clothes were threadbare. He starved all who were round him. He did not seem to have a heart. A poor woman owed him a little rent. Out she went into the street. He had no heart. A person had fallen back a little in the payment of money that he had lent him. The debtor's little children were crying for bread. The man did not care who cried for hunger, or what became of the children. He would have his money. He had lost his heart. I never could make out where it was till I went to his house one day, and I saw a huge chest. I think they called it an iron safe: it stood behind the door of an inner room; and when he unlocked it with a heavy key, and the bolts were shot, and the inside was opened there was a musty, fusty thing within it, as dry and dead as the kernel of a walnut seven years old. It was his heart. If you have locked up your heart in an iron safe, get it out. Get it out as quickly as ever you can. It is a horrible thing to pack up a heart in five-pound notes, or bury it under heaps of silver and

gold. Hearts are never healthy when covered up with hard metal. Your gold and silver are cankered if your heart is bound up with them.

Heart—Will of God in the.—I HAVE heard of a famous king of Poland, who did brave deeds in his day, and confessed that he owed his excellent character to a secret habit which he had formed. He was the son of a noble father, and he carried with him a miniature portrait of this father, and often looked upon it. Whenever he went to battle he would look upon the picture of his father, and nerve himself to valor. When he sat in the council-chamber he would secretly look upon the image of his father, and behave himself right royally: for he said, "I will do nothing that can dishonor my father's name." Now, this is the grand thing for a Christian to do—to carry about with him the will of God in his heart, and then in every action to consult that will.

Heavenly choir.—THE music of the heavenly harmonies as yet lacks certain voices. Some of its needful notes are too bass for those already there, and others are too high for them, till the singers come who are ordained to give the choir its fullest range. At the Crystal Palace you have seen the singers trooping in. The conductor is all anxiety if they seem to linger. Still, some are away. The time is nearly up, and you see seats up there on the right, and a vacant block down there on the left.

Even so with the heavenly choir: they are streaming in: the orchestra is filling up, but yet there is room, and yet there is demand for other voices to complete the heavenly harmony.

Heaven—Going to.—Why, it is not worth while going to heaven alone. A little lost child sits down on the doorstep of a West end mansion and cries because it is so lonely: is that to be our position in heaven? Are we to take no friends there with us? Who wants to be solitary in the New Jerusalem?

Heaven in us.—An old Scotchman was asked whether he expected to get to heaven. "Why, man, I live there," was his quaint reply. Let us all live in those spiritual things which are the essential features of heaven. Often go there, before you go to stay there. It was said of an old Puritan, that heaven was in him before he was in heaven. That is necessary for all of us; we must have heaven in us before we get into heaven. If we do not get to heaven before we die, we shall never get there afterwards.

Heaven—near.—The other day, on a sudden, I saw the white cliffs of Dover. The swift ship had performed the passage so rapidly that the sea had been crossed before I had reckoned on reaching land. There were the cliffs, just ahead. Brethren, heaven is just ahead! Run to the bows! Heaven ahoy! Do not forever continue gazing at the misty shores

behind you. Look ahead! You are far nearer than you think to the land of the immortal! We are within speaking distance of heaven! The Lord hears our cry, and we hear His promise.

"How near to faith's far-seeing eye
The golden gates appear!"

Heaven or hell our port.—If I were to go out to-morrow by sea, I should not walk on board a steamer, and then enquire, "Where are you going?" I first make up my mind where I will go, and then select a vessel which is likely to carry me there in comfort. You must know where you are going. The main thing with the captain of a Cunarder will be the getting of his vessel safely into the port for which it is bound. This design overrules everything else. To get into port is the thought of every watch, every glance at the chart, every observation of the stars. The captain's heart is set upon the other side. His hope is safely to arrive at the desired haven, and he knows which is the haven of his choice. He would not expect to get there, if he did not set his mind on it. How is it with you, dear friend? You are speeding towards heaven or hell: which of these is your port?

Holiday Christians.—"Is your father a Christian?" said a Sunday school teacher to a child. The girl answered, "Yes, I believe that father is a Christian; but he has not worked much at it lately." No doubt there are many of that sort. Their religion

has taken a holiday, and they themselves have gone to a sluggard's bed. Let them be aroused, for it is high time to awake out of sleep.

Holy bravery.—A MAN under the influence of liquor will do what he would never think of doing at any other time: he will be rash, foolhardy, and daring to the last degree. We have heard of foreign nations whose troops have been so afraid of the fight, that they have dosed them with strong drink, to induce them to march into battle. We used to hear the expression, "Dutch courage," which meant the boldness which came from ardent spirits; though I do not suppose the Dutch had more of it than the English. No doubt many a man under the influence of drink has risked his life, and performed what look like feats of valor, when, indeed, he was simply beyond himself, and out of his right mind, or he would not have been so foolhardy. Wine does not embolden many men in the wrong way. Beloved friends, we are not to make ourselves ridiculous with fanaticism; but bold with the Spirit of truth. "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is riot," in order to be emboldened to do anything; but be ye filled with the Spirit of the Living God, wherein is quietness, and whereof comes a courage which is to be admired and not derided. Oh, how brave a man is, when he is filled with the Spirit of God!

Holy Ghost—pray for the.—SOMETIMES when we are praying that we may feel the power of the

Word, we hardly know what we are praying for. I saw a venerable brother the other day, and he said to me, "I remember speaking with you when you were nineteen or twenty years of age, and I never forgot what you said to me. I had been praying with you in the prayer-meeting that God would give us the Holy Ghost to the full, and you said to me afterwards, 'My dear brother, do you know what you asked God for?' I answered, 'Yes.' But you very solemnly said to me, 'The Holy Ghost is the Spirit of judgment and the Spirit of burning, and few are prepared for the inward conflict which is meant by these two words.'" My good old friend told me that at the time he did not understand what I meant, but thought me a singular youth. "Ah!" said he, "I see it now, but it is only by a painful experience that I have come to the full comprehension of it." Yes, when Christ comes, He comes not to send peace on the earth, but a sword; and that sword begins at home in our own souls, killing, cutting, hacking, breaking in pieces. Blessed is that man who knows the Word of the Lord by its exceeding sharpness, for it kills nothing but that which ought to be killed.

Holy Spirit like the wind.—In this land especially, we can never tell what wind will blow tomorrow. A few days ago, it was the south-west, and it brought a rapid thaw; but the next morn it was nearly north, and a frost was upon us. We may well put vanes on our public buildings, for without them

we could never tell from the day of the year or the season of the year, from what quarter the wind would come. I feel thankful when I remember that, like the wind, the Holy Spirit bloweth where He listeth, for I cannot tell where next He may operate.

Holy Spirit our guide.—THE truth is something like those stalactite caverns and grottoes of which we have heard, which you must enter and see for yourself if you would really know their wonders. If you should venture there without light or guide, you would run great risks; but with blazing flambeaux, and an instructed leader, your entrance is full of interest. See, your guide has taken you through a narrow winding passage, where you have to creep, or go on bended knees. At last he has brought you into a magnificent hall; and when the torches are held aloft, the far-off roof sparkles and flashes back the light as from countless jewels of every hue. You now behold Nature's architecture, and cathedrals are henceforth toys to you. As you stand in that vast pillared and jewelled palace, you feel how much you owe to your guide and to his flaming torch. Thus the Holy Spirit leads us into all truth, and sheds light on the eternal and the mysterious.

"Honest doubt."—UNBELIEF calls itself "honest doubt," and not without cause; for we should not have known it to be honest if it had not labelled itself so. When a man puts up in his shop window,

"No cheating practiced here," I should trade next door. He doth protest too much. Your free love, free thought, free life, and so forth, are the empty mockery of freedom.

Honest failure.—A GOOD doctor of divinity whom I knew well, met a Christian man in the street, shook hands with him, and congratulated him. The man said, "I do not know why you should congratulate me, for I have had a world of trouble; in fact, I have failed in my business." To which the doctor replied: "I congratulate you, because you failed honestly; you are the only man for years I have seen fail like that." Then he shook hands with him again, and said: "My dear fellow, I do thank God you failed honestly." But no man need fail because he serves God.

Honesty needs no defence.—THE Chinese trader who put over his shops, "No cheatee here," turned out to be the biggest rogue in the street. If you are honest you will confess you have sinned, and then you will come to Jesus for that remission of sins, which comes through His sacrifice.

Hope—a cheerless.—WHEN I was in the Church of St. John Lateran, at Rome, I read a request for prayer for the repose of the soul of his Eminence, Cardinal Wiseman. Now Cardinal Wiseman was a great man, a prince of the church, but yet he is somewhere in the other world, where he is not in re-

pose: so this request indicates. There must be a very poor outlook for an ordinary Catholic. For my part, I would give up so cheerless a hope, and become a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, and go to heaven.

Hope for great sinners.—You remember what the Scotchwoman said to Rowland Hill when she stood looking at his face. He said, "Well, good woman, you have looked at me a long while. What are you looking at?" She said, "I was looking at the lines of your face." "Well, and what do you make of them?" said he. "I was thinking what an awful rascal you would have been, if you were not converted," was her unexpected answer. Now I think we might say the same of a good many; and if it be God's intent, He should get a glorious name for Himself. I see hope for big rascals, I see hope for great sinners.

Human efforts are vain.—Human effort and self-righteousness is like a man trying to patch up an old house. You find such in country villages; a place which nobody has ever repaired for fifty years. I do not know if there is any landlord; but if there is he would like to forget that he has such property. The main beam is nearly cracked through. The lath and plaster have gone long ago, and the birds go in and out the best parlor whenever they like, and the whole thing is tumbling down. A man buys it, and he says, "Now, you know, it is a pity to pull this house down;

I think I will repair it." So he puts in a beam there, just under the roof; and he puts a strut here and another timber there; and by the time he has spent as much as would have built a house he has got a very handsome ruin left, and nothing more.

Human instrumentality.—I READ the other day of a certain writer who says, "I wrote the four hundred pages of this book with one pen." Where is that pen? Does anybody want it? If it were advertised as an exhibition I should not go to see it. I care a deal more for the hand that wrote, and for what was written, than for the pen with which it was written. A common goose-quill it was in the case referred to, and no more. Ah, how plainly can we see where the quill came from! God uses men for a certain purpose, as we use a hammer, or a saw, or a gimlet. Suppose that when we had done with such tools, and put them back into the box, they all began to cry, "See what we have done! What a sharp saw I was! What a heavy hammer I was! Did I not hit the nail on the head?" Such boastings would be foolishness. Shall the axe boast itself against him that heweth therewith? We do not judge that the instrument ought to take credit to itself; but it does so in our case whenever it can, and this is a great injury to us. Some of us might have enjoyed a much larger blessing, if we had not grown top-heavy with the blessing we already enjoyed.

Hunger belt.—THE poor Bushmen, when they have nothing to eat, tie a girdle around them, and call it the hunger belt, and when they have gone a few days they pull it tighter still, and tighter still, in order to enable them to bear hunger: so any man who has to live upon himself will have to draw the hunger belt very tight indeed. A soul cannot be persuaded by philosophy to content itself without its necessary food: eloquence may try all its charms to that end, but it will be in vain.

Hunger best appetite.—THE man who has grown accustomed to luxuries is the man who turns his meat over, and picks off a bit here, and a bit there; for this is too fat, and that is too gristly. Bring in the poor wretches who are half-starved. Fetch in a company of laborers who have been waiting all day at the docks, and have found no work, and in consequence have received no wage. Set them down to a joint of meat. It vanishes before them. See what masters they are of the art of knife and fork! They find no fault: they never dream of such a thing. If the meat had been a little coarse, it would not have mattered to them; their need is too great for them to be dainty. Oh, for a host of hungry souls! How pleasant to feed them! How different from the task of persuading the satiated Pharisees to partake of the gospel!

Hunger deadened.—I AM told that there is a country—I think it is Patagonia—where men in times

of want eat clay in great lumps, and fill themselves with it, so as to deaden their hunger. I know that many people in England do the same. There is a kind of yellow clay which is much cried up for staying spiritual hunger; heavy stuff it is, but many have a vast appetite for it. They prefer it to the choicest dainties.

Hypocrites.—We cannot prevent hypocrites arising; it is only a proof that true religion is worth having. You took a bad half-sovereign the other night, did you? Did you say, "All half-sovereigns are worthless, I will never take another"? Not so, you became more careful; but you were quite sure there were good half-sovereigns in currency, or else people would not make counterfeit ones. It would not pay anybody to be a hypocrite, unless there were enough genuine Christians to make the hypocrites pass current.

Half-way house godliness is wretched stuff.

Hannibal, it is said, dissolved the rocks of the Alps with vinegar; but Christ dissolves our hearts with love.

Have the blood-mark very visibly on all your mercies.

Heaven hides itself away within the gospel.

He that can stand on the hill-top can stand in the valley.

He wears for His princely star the lance-mark in His side.

Holiness is the royal road to Scriptural knowledge.

How can a soul make progress if it is evermore changing its course? Do not sow in Beersheba and then rush off to reap in Dan.

Idiots can be saved.—A young man, who had fallen into sin, came to me in deep despair of mind. He was so desponding, that his very face bore witness as to his misery. He wore the aspect of one who could not live much longer as he was. I had tried to set the gospel clearly before him, on the previous Sabbath, but he told me that he could not grasp it, for that by his sin he had reduced his mind to such a state, that he felt himself to be little better than an idiot. He was not speaking nonsense, either, for there are vices which destroy the intellect. I told him that Jesus Christ could save idiots—that even if his mind, in measure, was impaired as the result of sin, yet there was quite enough mind left to be made glad with a sense of pardon, seeing there was more than enough to make him heavy with a sense of guilt. I cheered that brother as best I could, but I could effect nothing by my own efforts. Soon the Lord Jesus Christ came to him, and he is now a happy, earnest, joyful Christian. Not long ago he sent an offering of thanksgiving to God, for having lifted him up from

the deeps he had fallen in. I hope there is a long life of real usefulness before him.

"If" of doubt removed.—I HEARD of a little girl whose mother found her one day with a carving knife and the family Bible. "What are you doing?" she asked, in some surprise, for the safety of both Bible and child. "O mother," she said, "I was reading about the man who came to Jesus and said, 'If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean'; and I thought he ought not to have said 'if' to Jesus; so please, mother, I am scraping it out." A very good thing to do with all our "ifs."

Ill-feeling cured by kindness.—I HEARD yesterday of a wise old Welsh minister of a generous spirit, who was afflicted with a horrible deacon: and if a deacon is unkind, he can wound terribly. This deacon was most perverse and cruel, and tormented the old gentleman in all sorts of ways. At last he fell sick, after having said certain dreadful things which were more bitter than even his usual gall and wormwood. The patient pastor soon went to see him, and on the road he bought some of the best oranges, and took them with him. "Brother Jones," he said, "I am sorry you are so ill; I have come to see you, and I have brought you a few oranges." Brother Jones was very much astonished at this kind act, and had not much to say on the matter. The minister gently talked on, and said, "I think it would refresh

you to eat one of these. I will peel you one." So he went on with peeling the orange, and talked with him pleasantly. Then he divided the fruit very neatly, and handed the sick man a nice tempting piece in the gentlest possible manner. The bitter-spirited man ate it, and began to melt a little: the conversation became hearty, and the prayer was pleasant. Brother Jones was getting better in more ways than one. An outsider, who knew all about Brother Jones and his ill-humor, could hardly believe that the minister had acted thus to one who had opposed him constantly, and slandered him foully, and so he asked, "Did you really go and see that cruel old Jones?" "Oh, yes," he said, "I went to see him; I was bound to do so." "And did you take him some oranges?" "Oh, yes, I took him some oranges; I was glad to do so." "And did you sit down by his bedside, and peel him an orange?" "Yes, I peeled him an orange, and I was pleased to see him enjoy it; for I have learned, brother, that when a man is afflicted with a very bad temper, an orange is a good thing for him to take. At any rate, it is a good thing for one to give." The lesson is—if you wish to cure a man of ill-feeling, be very kind to him. View unkind and petulant speeches as symptoms of a disease for which the best medicine is not a dose of bitters, but an orange.

Imagination—Vain.—I HAVE heard of the Chinese, that they sell shoes with which you can walk on the clouds: and I believe that some people must have

bought a pair of these remarkable articles, for their lives are spent in cloudland, walking as in a dream, upon high stilts of fond imagination. Do not think great things of yourself. You are but a commonplace man or woman.

Imperfection unacceptable.—HERE is a chain containing twenty links. If I break one of them I have broken the chain. True, there are nineteen perfect links, but if number twenty is snapped, down goes the cage over the mouth of the mine, and the miners are killed. Suppose that I should be required to produce a perfect vase of alabaster, or clear crystal, as a present to the Queen; but my servant-maid has chipped it a little. What is to be done? I may possibly find somebody to use some patent cement and fasten the little pieces in their places; but when all is done, it is chipped: it is not perfect; and if it must be perfect before royalty can accept it, I must get another vase, for this one will not do.

Importunity in prayer.—I DO not suppose any of you desired a beggar to be importunate with you. Did you ever say, "Whenever I go across this crossing ask me for a penny. If I do not give you one, ask me, run after me, and call after me all the way down the street. If that does not succeed, lay hold upon me, until I help you. Beg without ceasing." Did any one of you ever invite applicants to call often and make large requests of you? Oh, no. Im-

portunity is a common enough thing, when men are seeking earthly boons, but is so sadly rare in heavenly concerns, that the Lord has to exhort us to be importunate with Him. He does in effect say, "Press Me. Urge Me. Lay hold on My strength. Wrestle with Me as when a man seeks to give another a fall that he may prevail with him."

Inferior pursuits.—I MET wtth a clergyman many years ago who was going a long distance to find a new beetle. He was a great entomologist, and I did not blame him for it, for to a thoughtful man entomology may yield many profitable lessons. But if he neglected his preaching to catch insects, then I do not wonder that a parishioner should wish that the beetles would nibble his old sermons, for they were very stale. I call it choking the seed when any inferior pursuit becomes the master of our minds, and the cause of God and truth takes a secondary place.

Influence—power of godly.—I REMEMBER hearing Mr. Jay tell a story about a Nonconformist servant girl, who went to live in a family of worldly people, who attended the Church of England, although they were not real believers. They were outside buttresses of the Church, and they had very little to do with the inside of it, and outsiders are generally the most bigoted. They were very angry with their servant for going to the little meeting-house, and threatened to discharge her if she went

again. But she went all the same, and very kindly but firmly assured them that she must go again. At last she received notice to go; they could not as good Church people, have a Dissenter living with them. She took their rough dismission very patiently; and it came to pass that the day before she was to leave, a conversation of this sort took place. Her master said, "It is a pity, after all, that Jane should go. We never had such a good girl. She is very industrious, truthful, and attentive." The wife said, "Well I have thought it is hardly right to send her away for going to her chapel. You always speak up for religious liberty, and it does not quite look like religious liberty to turn our girl away for worshiping God according to her conscience. I am sure she is a deal more careful about religion than we are." So they talked it over, and said, "She has never answered us pertly or found fault about our going to church. Her religion is a greater comfort to her than ours is. We had better let her stay with us, and go where she likes." "Yes," said the husband, "and I think we had better go and hear the minister she hears. Evidently she has got something we have not. Instead of sending her away, we will go with her to hear for ourselves." And they did, and the master and mistress were not long before they were members of that church.

Inner Light. - A CLEAN lantern with a lighted candle makes no noise, and yet it wins attention: the

darker the night the more it is valued. There never was a time when true inner light was more needed than now; may the Lord impart it to each one of us, and then we shall shine as lights in the world.

Insensibility to death.—In the higher and colder latitudes, when men feel a sleepiness stealing over them their companions stir them up, and rub them, and will not let them slumber; for to sleep is to wake no more. The man pleads, "Let me sleep for half an hour, and I shall be so refreshed." Alas! if he sleeps he shall do ill, for he will grow rigid in the death which frost brings to one. Go on, wise friends, and compassionately shake him! Hurry him to and fro; or rub him vigorously till he grows sore. I cannot get hold of you at this present hour with my hands, nor would I wish to give you a bodily shaking; but, oh, that I could do this spiritually and wake you up! I cannot leave you to sleep your soul into perdition.

Introspection.—Some spend much of their time in what is called *introspection.* Now introspection, like retrospection, is a useful thing in a measure; but it can readily be overdone, and then it breeds morbid emotions, and creates despair. Some are always looking into their own feelings. A healthy man hardly knows whether he has a stomach, or a liver; it is your sickly man who grows more sickly by the study of his inward complaints. Too many wound them-

selves by studying themselves. Every morning they think of what they should feel: all day long they dwell upon what they are not feeling; and at night they make diligent search for what they have been feeling. It looks to me like shutting up your shop, and then living in the counting-house, taking account of what is not sold. Small profits will be made in this way. You may look a long while into an empty pocket before you find a sovereign, and you may look a long time into fallen nature before you find comfort. A man might as well try to find burning coals under the ice, as to find anything good in our poor human nature. When you look within, it should be to see with grief what the filthiness is; but to get rid of that filthiness you must look beyond yourself. I remember Mr. Moody saying that a looking-glass was a capital thing to show you the spots on your face; but you could not wash in a looking-glass. You want something very different when you would make your face clean.

Inward piety.—A FORM of godliness joined to an unholy heart is of no value to God. I have read that the swan was not allowed to be offered upon the altar of God, because, although its feathers are as white as snow, yet its skin is black. God will not accept that external morality which conceals internal impurity. There must be a pure heart as well as a clean life; the power of godliness must work within,

or else God will not accept our offering. There is no value to man or to God in a religion which is a dead form.

IDLE words are in the speech of man, not in the writings of Jehovah.

I DO not believe in an atonement which is admirably wide, but fatally ineffectual.

IF the devil never roars, the church will never sing.

IF we do not praise Him, we deserve to be banished to the Siberia of despair.

IF we were a little slower we should be quicker.

IF your life please God, let it please *you*.

I HAVE heard of Latter-day Saints; I far more admire Every-day Saints.

IN a dewdrop the sun may be reflected.

IT is always easy to rise up early over night.

IT needs more grace to lead than to follow.

I WOULD rather obey God, than rule an empire.

Jesus a light.—IF I saw a wise man going into a blind asylum, laying on gas or making preparation for the electric light, I should feel sure that he had a view to people who can see; and if none but blind people could come into the building, I should conclude that he anticipated a time when the poor blind folks would find their eyes again, and would be able

to use the light. So, as the Lord has set Jesus to be a light, you may be sure that He means to open blind eyes. Jesus will enlighten the people, souls will be saved.

Jesus Himself.—I SEE at times in the newspaper, "Principals only will be dealt with," and in our heavenly business we had better keep to this rule. Go not to the servants, make all your applications to the Master, and in your dealings with Him, seek not His presents so much as Himself, for the Giver is ever greater than what He gives. The bottle of water which Hagar carried for Ishmael, is a poor thing compared with that well of God, beside which Isaac abode. Fruit from a choice tree is well; apples of gold in baskets of silver are not to be despised; but if one can have the tree planted in his own garden, he is richer far. Our Lord is the apple tree among the trees of the wood, and to possess Him is to have the best of the best; yea, all things that can be desired. Covenant blessings are streams, but our Lord Jesus is the well-head. Believe for the infinite, immutable, inexhaustible "deep which lieth under," and you may sink as many wells as you please.

Jesus—"Looking Unto."—I HAVE read of a competition between certain young ploughmen who were set to plough for a prize. The most of them made very crooked work of it. After they had ended, one of the judges said, "Young man, where did you look while you were ploughing?" "I kept my eyes well

on the plough handles, sir, and saw what I had to hold." "Yes," the judge said, "and your plough went in and out and the furrow is all crooks." He asked the next ploughman, "And where did you look?" "Well, sir," he answered, "I looked at my furrow; I kept my eye always on the furrow that I was making. I thought I should make it straight that way." "But you did not," answered the judge, "you were all over the place." To the next he said, "What did you look at?" "Well, sir," he said, "I looked between the two horses to a tree that stood in the hedge at the other end of the field, right in front of me." Now that man went straight because he had a fixed mark to guide him. This helps us to appreciate the wisdom of the text, "Looking unto Jesus." Run: run straight: you cannot run straight except you keep your eye on the One who is always the same. "Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of your faith," you will have a sure preservative from wandering. Spiritual ploughmen, take heed that ye look not back, but plough a straight furrow towards Jesus on the throne!

"Jesus, Lover of my soul."—I THINK I have read somewhere that Mr. Wesley was one morning dressing: his window looked out towards the sea, and there was a heavy wind blowing, the waves were very boisterous, and the rain was falling heavily; just then a little bird, overtaken by the tempest, flew in at the open window, and nestled in his bosom. Of course,

he cherished it there, and then bade it go on its way when the storm was over. Impressed by the interesting occurrence, he sat down and wrote the verse—

> "Jesus, Lover of my soul,
> Let me to Thy bosom fly,
> While the raging billows roll,
> While the tempest still is high.
> Hide me, O my Savior, hide
> Till the storm of life be past."

Imitate that poor little bird, if you would have Christ: fly away from the wrath of God, fly away from your own convictions of sin, fly away from your dark forebodings of judgment to come, right into the bosom of Jesus, which is warm with love to sinners.

Jesus only.—I RECOLLECT a story told of William Dawson, whom our Wesleyan friends used to call Billy Dawson, one of the best preachers who ever entered a pulpit. He once gave out as his text, "Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins." When he had given out his text he dropped down to the bottom of the pulpit, so that nothing could be seen of him, only there was a voice heard saying, "Not the man in the pulpit, he is out of sight, but the Man in the Book. The Man described in the Book is the Man through whom is preached unto you the remission of sins." I put myself and you, and everybody else out of sight, and I preach to you the remission of sins through Jesus only. I would sing with the children, "Nothing but

the blood of Jesus." Shut your eyes to all things but the cross.

Jesus will win at last.—I SHOOK hands after the sermon this morning, with a good missionary of Christ from West Africa. He had been there sixteen years. I believe that they reckon four years to be the average missionary's life in that malarious district. He had buried twelve of his companions in the time. For twelve years he had scarcely seen the face of a white man. He was going to Africa, to live a little while longer, perhaps, but he expected to die soon, and then he added (I thought, sweetly), as I shook his hand, "Well many of us may die, perhaps hundreds of us will, but Christ will win at last. Africa will know and fear our Lord Jesus; and what does it matter what becomes of us—our name, our reputation, our life, our health—if Jesus wins at last." What heroic words! What a missionary spirit!

Joy rapturous through faith.—BUNYAN pictures Christiana as saying to Mercy, "What was the matter that you did laugh in your sleep last night?" And Mercy said, "But are you sure I laughed?" When she told her dream, Christiana said, "Laugh, ay, well you might to see yourself so well." She laughed becaused she dreamed she had been welcomed into glory. To faith this is no dream. We have had many dreams of this sort, and we know that we are saved by grace, adopted of the Father, united to the

Son, indwelt by the Holy Spirit—visions most true, and these have made us laugh with an inward inexpressible delight. The more steadfastly we believe, the more of this rapturous joy we shall experience.

Judgments—national.—NATIONAL judgments are frequently a ministry of grace. The first year in which I came to London, I was greatly struck with the access that one had at all hours of the day and night to people's houses, into which no ministers of Christ had ever been welcomed before. I remember, at two o'clock one Monday morning, I was in a house, now pulled down, close to London Bridge, to see a man who had spent the Sunday at Brighton, and had come home to die with the cholera. Yes, they sent for me at dead of night often and often then; and rich and poor—it mattered not, if they found someone willing to come and visit them—were eager for you to read and pray with them; for death was all around us, making havoc in these streets. They are not so eager for a visit now. So far, cholera did arouse our neighbors, and they flocked to hear the Word out of very fear. So much of benefit there may be in the plagues which are shot from the quiver of Providence.

Just, yet merciful.—SOME time ago a judge in America was called upon to try a prisoner, who had been his companion in his early youth. It was a crime for which the penalty was a fine, more or less heavy.

The judge did not diminish the fine; the case was clearly a bad one, and he fined the prisoner to the full. Someone who knew his former relation to the offender thought him somewhat unkind thus to carry out the law, while others admired his impartiality. All were surprised when the judge quitted the bench and himself paid every farthing of the penalty. He had both shown his respect for the law, and his good will to the man who had broken it; he enacted the penalty, but he paid it himself. So God has done in the person of His dear Son. He has not remitted the punishment, but He has Himself endured it. His own Son, who is none other than God Himself—for there is an essential union between them—has paid the debt which was incurred by human sin.

JESUS will never be a part Savior.

Kicking Christians.—THE driver of a 'bus was using his whip pretty freely on one of his horses, and a gentleman on the box seat observed that he never struck the other one. "Bless you, sir, if I was to touch that mare, when I went near her in the stable at night, she would kick me like a Christian." What a remarkable simile, was it not? "Like a Christian." Is that so, that Christians kick? That Christians are found taking revenge? Here is a matter about which we would urgently cry, "Be ye not as the horse or as the mule." Never render evil

for evil, railing for railing, for that is to copy the beasts of the field.

Laborers are few.—LET me tell you what you are like. It is a hot autumn day, and a man is reaping; the sweat pours from his face, as he bends to the task, and he fears that he will never get to the end of the field, and all the time you are pleasantly occupied leaning over a gate, and saying, "That is an uncommonly good laborer." Or perhaps instead of doing that, you are saying, "Why, he does not handle the sickle properly; I could show him a better way of reaping." But as you never attempt to show us, we have only your own word to go by, and you must excuse us being a little sceptical on the matter. The work of the church is generally left to a few earnest folk, is it not? Is that right?

Liberty from death.—THE Roman Emperor Theodosius, in a fit of great good humor, set at liberty all persons in prison or in captivity; and then he sighed, and wished he could release the dead from their graves. Theodosius could not reach the key of the graves; these hang at the girdle of the Prince of Life. He shall open the iron gates, and bid the myriads pour forth, as bees from a hive.

Liberty to captive souls.—A SAILOR, who had long been a prisoner in France, gained his liberty. He went into Seven Dials, bought a cage full of birds, opened the cage, and let the birds fly. People cried

with wonder, "What did you buy them for?" "Oh! I bought them to let them fly. I know what it is to be a prisoner myself, and I cannot bear that birds should be shut up in a cage." Go to those who are what you were, caged birds, and let them fly by telling them of Jesus and of the ransom price. Seek out poor, bound sinners, and proclaim freedom to them. Proclaim liberty at the market-cross in the name of Christ.

Life is a mighty thing.—LIFE is full of power. I have seen an iron bar bent by the growth of a tree. Have you never heard of great paving stones being lifted by fungi which had pushed up beneath them. Life is a mighty thing, especially divine life. If you choose to contract your soul by a sort of spiritual tight-lacing, or if you choose to bend yourself down in a sorrow which never looks up, you may hinder your life and its walk; but give your life full scope, and what a walk you may have. Yield yourselves fully to God, and you shall see what you shall see. There is a happiness to be enjoyed by truly whole-hearted believers, which some, even of God's own children, would think to be impossible.

Life—its uncertainty.—THERE are ten thousand gates to death. One man is choked by a grape-stone, another dies through sleeping in a newly white-washed room; one receives death as he passes by a reeking sewer, another finds it in the best kept house,

or by a chill taken in a walk. Those who study neither to eat nor to drink anything unwholesome, nor go into quarters where the arrows of death are flying, yet pass away on a sudden, falling from their couch into a coffin, from their seat into the sepulchre. The other day one of our own brethren sat down in his chair to sleep a moment; but it was his last sleep. Another stumbled in his own room never again to rise: these were apparently in health. Life is never sure for an instant.

Light in the heart.—SOME professors appear to have a litle light in the upper rooms; they have notions in their heads and ideas on their tongues. Alas, the first floor is dark, very dark. From their common conversation the light of God is absent. Enter at the door, and you cannot see your way into the passage, or up the stairs; the light is up aloft, but not in the dwelling rooms. Oh, for a light in the region of the heart! Oh, for a light upon the household talk, and the business conversation! From garret to cellar may the whole houses of our humanity be lighted up. This is the true work of grace, when the whole man is brought into the light, and no part is left to pine in the darkness. Then are we the children of light, when we abide in the light, and have no fellowship with darkness.

Light our joy.—A POOR boy who was put down in the coal mines, to close a door after the coal-wagons

had passed by, was forced to sit there alone, hour after hour, in the dark. He was a gracious child, and when one said to him, "Are you not weary with sitting so long in the dark?" he said, "Yes, I do get tired; but sometimes the men give me a bit of candle, and when I get a light, I sing." So do we; when we get a light we sing. Glory be to God, He is our light and our salvation, and therefore we sing. O child of God, when your eye is single, and the light of God fills every part of your being, then you sing, and sing again, and feel that you can never have done singing on earth till you begin singing in Heaven.

Little faith.—God deals with little faith as we used to do with a spark in the tinder, in the days of our boyhood. When we had struck a spark, and it fell into the tinder—though it was a very tiny one—we watched it eagerly, we blew upon it softly, and we were zealous to increase it, so that we might kindle our match thereby. When our Lord Jesus sees a tiny spark of faith in a man's heart, though it be quite insufficient of itself for salvation, yet He regards it with hope, and watches over it, if haply, this little faith may grow to something more. It is the way of our compassionate Lord, not to quench the smoking flax, nor break the bruised reed.

Living—a plan of.—A PHILOSOPHER has remarked that if a man knew that he had thirty years of life before him, it would not be an unwise thing to spend

twenty of those in mapping out a plan of living and putting himself under rule; for he would do more with the ten well-arranged years than with the whole thirty if he spent them at random. There is much truth in that saying. A man will do little by firing off his gun if he has not learned to take aim.

Locality—Good.—I KNOW a brother here who wanted to take a certain shop in a wide street, but his wiser friends said, "Do not take that shop for a baker's. It is not in a good eating locality. You must open a shop in one of the streets where there are plenty of poor people, who will buy the bread every morning. Make it good and cheap, and it will not stop long on the shelves." I noticed in the newspaper that a certain drink-shop was "in a good drinking locality." I am sorry that there are such localities. But, assuredly, a good eating locality must be the very place for vending bread.

Looking gives a claim.—I REMIND you of what the little boys sometimes do at school with one another. I have seen a boy take an apple out of his pocket and say to his schoolmate. "Do you see that apple?" "Yes," says his mate. "Then see me eat it," says he. But the Holy Ghost is no tantalus, taking the things of Christ, and holding them up to mock us. No, he says, "Do you see those things? If so, you can have them." Did not Christ Himself say, "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of

the earth"? Looking gives you a claim; and if you can see Him, He is yours.

Love a burning stream.—I WAS about to compare my Lord's heart with a volcano constantly streaming with the burning lava of love. Oh, that my soul could but get that stream poured into it, to set the whole of my nature on fire, and consume me in the flames and torrent of love!

Love—Call of.—WHEN the sun visits the flowers which have hid themselves away in the cold earth to escape from hungry winter, he begins to call them out of their hiding-places by shining upon them; then by-and-by they say unto themselves, "Let us break our bands of sleep asunder; let us uplift the mould which covers us; and let us peep forth that we may see the blessed sun, for full surely he is calling us."

Love changes.—IT is wonderful what a difference love makes in the person who is possessed with it. A poor timid hen that will fly away from every passer-by, loves its offspring, and when it has its chicks about it, it will fight like a very griffin for its young. And when the love of Christ comes into a timid believer, how it changes him!

Love conquers.—IT was not because Moses' rod had smitten the rock, but because Christ's voice of love spake to it, and the rock dissolved into floods at once! See the summer's sun assail and vanquish the

iceberg which has floated from its northern home. Winter's rudest storms could not dissolve the monstrous mountain of ice, nor could a thousand hurricanes and storms break it in pieces; but the sun shot a strange tremor through its heart as soon as he smiled thereon, and every beam that fell from the fair orb of day shot through it like a dart, till at last, yielding to the mysterious glow, the iceberg lost its hardness of heart, bowed itself from its chill loftiness, fell into the warm gulf stream, and was no more to be found. Was it not so with you when the eyes of Jesus darted love into your hearts?

Love little, but real.—A LITTLE pearl is a pearl, as much as a great pearl; though all of us would prefer the greater pearl. There is the Queen's image on a sixpenny piece as much as on a sovereign, though all would prefer the golden coin. There is the image of God on all His people's faith and love, whether great or small. The main thing with a coin, is to be sure it is genuine metal. So, if love be real love, that is the main point.

Love of God.—DIVINE love had no beginning. Yon stars are babes whose eyes but yesterday were open to the light, and yonder mountains are infants newly born; but as for God's love, it is coeval with His own existence, and the objects of it are always the same.

Love of God.—THE heart of God never does anything weakly; His love is strong and powerful, for it

is the affection of an omnipotent spirit. Remember the words of the Lord Jesus—"As the Father hath loved me even so have I loved you." Do you know how much the Father loves His Son? Can you form any conception? Are you not baffled in the attempt? "Even so," saith Jesus, "have I loved you."

Love of God.—Oh, blessed, blessed be the love of God, to think it should come to us unsought, unbought, undeserved, spontaneously leaping up like a living fountain with none to dig the well, but springing up in the midst of the Sahara of our barren nature, and then blessing us with unspeakable blessings as it overflowed.

Love shown to the least.—However little you may be, this makes no difference to God's love to you. Ask yourselves, do you love that full grown son of twenty-five so much that you have the less love for that little cherub of two or three who is at home. Bless his little heart, when he climbs your knee today, and asks whether you have a kiss for him or not, will you answer, "No, Johnny, I cannot love you, because you are so little; I give all my love to your older brother, because he knows so much more than you do and can be so useful to me"? Oh, no, you love the last one better than any, perhaps, certainly not less. They say if there be a child in the family who is a little bit weak, the mother always loves it best. It is so with our God; He is most gracious to the weakest and least known.

Love your enemies.—When Dr. Duff first read to some young Brahmins in the Government school the precept, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you," one of the Brahmins cried out, with delight, "Beautiful! Beautiful! This must have come from the true God. I have been told to love those that love me, and I have not always done *that:* but to love my enemies is a divine thought." That young man became a Christian under the influence of that precept. Let your good will go forth even to the worst of men, for Christ's sake. Forget *their* evil as you behold *His* goodness.

Luxury conquers.—What the arms of Rome could not do against Hannibal, his Capuan holidays are said to have accomplished: his soldiers were conquered by luxury, though invincible by force. When the Church lies down at ease, she is apt to feel the diseases of abundance.

Let your wishes blaze up into prayers.

Like a young bird in its nest, glory dwells in grace.

Longing follows on the heels of loving.

Look you well to your integrity, and the Lord will look to your prosperity.

Man—difficult to get at.—There is nothing so difficult to get at as a man. You may hunt a badger,

and run down a fox, but you cannot get at a man—he has so many doublings and hiding-places: yet the Word of God will dig him out, and seize on him. When the Spirit of God works with the gospel, the man may dodge, and twist, but the preaching goes to his heart and conscience, and he is made to feel it, and to yield to its force.

Man—God's friend.—PARMENIO was a great general, but all his fame in that direction is forgotten in the fact that he was known as the friend of Alexander. He had a great love for Alexander as a man, whereas others only cared for him as a conqueror and a monarch; and Alexander, preceiving this, placed great reliance upon Parmenio. Abraham loved God for God's sake, and followed him fully, and so the Lord made him His *confidant*, and found pleasure in manifesting Himself to him, and in trusting to him His sacred oracles. O Lord, how excellent is Thy loving kindness, that Thou shouldest make a man Thy friend!

Meditation needful.—A MAN who wants to see a country, must not hurry through it by express train, but he must stop in the towns and villages, and see what is to be seen. He will know more about the land and its people if he walks the highways, climbs the mountains, stays in the homes, and visits the workshops; than if he does so many miles in the day, and hurries through picture galleries as if death were

pursuing him. Don't hurry through Scripture, but pause for the Lord to speak to you. Oh, for more meditation!

Memory of friends.—When sailors, years ago, used to go to India, they would give as a toast when they left, "To our friends astern"; but when they had reached half way on the voyage, they changed it, and it was, "To our friends ahead." When we are midway on our voyage, we are bound to remember our friends ahead.

> "E'en now by faith we join our hands
> With those who went before,
> And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
> Upon the eternal shore."

Men-catching.—I sometimes hear of persons getting very angry after a gospel sermon, and I say to myself, "I am not sorry for it." Sometimes when we are fishing the fish gets the hook into his mouth. He pulls hard at the line; if he were dead, he would not; but he is a live fish, worth the getting; and though he runs away for awhile, with the hook in his jaws, he cannot escape. His very wriggling and his anger show that he has got the hook, and the hook has got him. Have the landing-net ready; we shall land him by-and-by. Give him more line; let him spend his strength, and then we will land him, and he shall belong to Christ forever.

Mercy infinite.—When a child of God thinks he has exhausted the patience and mercy of God, he is

something like a little fish in the sea, which said, "Oh I am so thirsty, I am afraid I shall drink up the Atlantic!" O little fish, thou hast no idea how mighty the ocean is; countless myriads such as thou art may swim in it, and the ocean will be none the less! O beloved believer, you need never think you will exhaust infinity!

Message not to be judged by messenger.—CERTAIN of the friars in Luther's day confessed that much of what Luther said was very true, and reformation was certainly very much needed; but then they would not have it from such a fellow as Luther—a renegade monk, too, who spoke so rudely. Erasmus could be endured, but Luther made such a noise about it. Teaching is often judged, not by its own value, but by the prejudices which people may happen to have concerning the source from which it comes. "I do not like him," says one. Well, what does it matter whether you like him or not? What does he say? If a thing is true, never mind who says it, believe it.

Minding earthly things.—I HAVE heard of a person who walked some seven hundred miles to see the Niagara Falls. When he was within seven miles of the Falls, he thought he heard the roar of the cataract, and he called to a man working in the fields, and said, "Is that the roar of Niagara?" The man said, "I don't know, but I guess it may be. What if it is?" With surprise the good man said, "Do you live

here?" "Born and bred here," the man answered. "And yet you don't know whether that thundering noise is from the waterfall?" "No, stranger, I have never seen those falls, I look after my farm." No doubt there are many within hail of heaven's choicest joys who have never cared to know them. They hope they are saved, but they don't care for great joy. They dig their potatoes. They use their spade and their hoe; but the Niagara is nought to them. Many look well to this life, but do not arouse themselves to gain present spiritual joy.

Minding earthly things.—MANY a man, having seen himself in the glass of the Word, has no further thought about himself. To-morrow morning he will be over head and ears in business; the shutters will be down from his shop windows, but they will be put up to the windows of his soul. His office needs him, and therefore his prayer closet cannot have him; his ledger falls like an avalanche over his Bible. The man has no time to seek the true riches, passing trifles monopolize his mind. Sirs, ye call earthly things "business"; but the salvation or damnation of your souls is such a trifling matter that any stray hour will suffice for it.

Minds like stained glass.—SOME minds are like stained glass windows; they shut out much of the light, and the little light that does struggle through, they color after their own manner. It is well to be

plain glass, so that the Lord's light, with all its color and delicacy of shade, may come in just as it comes from heaven, with nothing gathered from ourselves.

Minister's duty.—ST. AUGUSTINE desired to be always found *aut precantem, aut predicantem;* that is, either praying or preaching, either speaking to God for men in prayer, or speaking for God to men in his ministry. Ministers of Christ, especially, should give themselves not to the serving tables, but to the ministry of the Word and prayer. For us to give ourselves to getting up entertainments, to become competitors with theatres and music halls, is a great degredation of our holy office. If I heard of a minister becoming a chimney-sweep to earn his living, I would honor him in both his callings; but for God's watchmen to become the world's showmen is a miserable business.

Ministers—guides.—STARS are *guides*, and so are the Lord's true ministers. Some stars in yonder sky have done measureless service to wanderers over the trackless deep, and to those who have lost themselves in the labyrinths of the forest. That pole star has conducted many a slave to liberty. Happy have been the influences of the stars upon the hopeless who, being lost, have laid themselves down to die! Blessed are those men who, shining with the light of God, have turned many to righteousness; shall they not shine as the stars for ever and ever? Are there not

preachers of the Word who have stood like that famous star "over the place where the young child was"? They have first led strangers to Jesus, and then have remained in faithful love shining over the place where the Lord abides.

Misunderstood.—I HAVE heard of a man who lived in a certain town, and while he lived was greatly misunderstood. It was known that he had a large income, yet he lived a miserly life, and loud were the murmurs at the scanty help he gave to those around him. He stinted in many ways, and hoarded his money. But when he died, the popular verdict was reversed, for then the motive of all his economy was manifested. He left his fortune to build a reservoir and an aqueduct, to bring a constant supply of pure water to the town where he had been despised and misunderstood. This was the chief need of the people, and for a long time they had suffered much from drought and disease, because of the scanty supply. All the years that they had misjudged him, he was silently, unselfishly living for their sakes; when they discovered his motive, it was too late to do anything for him further than to hand down to future generations the memory of his noble and generous deed. But we can do much "for His sake," who has brought to us the living water; and who, though He died for us, is now alive again, and will live forevermore.

Models should be perfect.—THE artist must have a

perfect model to copy; if he does not reach to it he will reach far further than if he had an inferior model to work by. When a man once realizes his own ideal, it is all over with him. A great painter once had finished a picture, and he said to his wife, with tears in his eyes, "It is all over with me, I shall never paint again, I am a ruined man." She enquired, "Why?" "Because," he says, "that painting contents and satisfies me; it realizes my idea of what painting ought to be, and therefore, I am sure my power is gone."

Moments—Use of odd.—As goldsmiths sweep up the very dust of their shops, that no filings of the precious metal may be lost, so does the Christian man, when filled with the Spirit, use his brief intervals. It is wonderful what may be done in odd minutes. Little spaces of time may be made to yield a great harvest of usefulness, and a rich revenue of glory to God! May we be filled with the Spirit in that respect!

Murmuring—Wanton.—I KNOW a person who is always grumbling; and I do not wonder that he always seems to have a cause for it. It is like the child who was crying, and its mother said, "Hold your tongue; if you cry for nothing, I will soon give you something to cry for." Many a child of God has found something to cry for, as the result of wanton murmuring.

MAKE inscrutable mysteries into footstools for faith to kneel upon.

MAN'S security is the devil's opportunity.

MATURITY comes by affliction.

MECHANICAL worship is easy, but worthless.

MEN may fast from bread that they may gorge themselves on pride.

MEN of faith are not idle men.

MEN'S pennies and God's promises don't very well go together to buy heaven.

MERCHANTS generally continue in that business which pays them well, for they feel that they might go further and fare worse. "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."

MIND your jots and tittles, with the Lord's precepts.

MOUNT like the lark to your God, and sing as you mount.

Nearness to Christ.—I HAVE heard that in the old times, when they would attract doves to a certain pigeon-house, they took certain birds and smeared their wings with a costly perfume, and sent them forth. Other pigeons were so delighted with their sweetness that they followed them to the dove-cotes. Oh, that you and I may be so sweetened by dwelling

near to Christ that others may come with us to see Jesus and His love!

Need, your strongest plea.—I ONCE gave a man a pair of shoes because he said he was in need of them; but after he had put them on and gone a little way I overtook him in a gateway taking them off in order to go barefooted again. I think they were patent leather, and what should a beggar do in such attire. He was changing them for "old shoes and clouted"—those were suitable to his business. A sinner is never so well arrayed for pleading as when he comes in rags.

Neglected Grace.—THE old story tells of a monarch who gave to a favorite courtier a ring, which he might send to her in case he should be under her displeasure, promising that at the sight thereof he should be restored to favor. That ring was never shown, though long waited for; and it was little wonder that, concluding the offender to be stubbornly rebellious, the sentence of execution was carried out. He who never seeks for mercy, has certainly never found it.

New Creatures.—I REMEMBER reading a famous writer's description of a wretched cab-horse which was old and worn out, and yet kept on its regular round of toil. They never took him out of harness for fear they should never be able to get his poor old carcass into it again. He had been in the shafts for

so many years that they feared if they took him out of them he would fall to pieces, and so they let him keep where he was accustomed to be. Some men are just like that. They have been in the shafts of sin so many years that they fancy that if they were once to alter they would drop to pieces. But it is not so, old friend. We are persuaded better things of you, and things that accompany salvation. The Lord will make a new creature of you. When He cuts the traces and brings you out from between those shafts which have so long held you, you will not know yourself.

New Year.—It is only in imagination that there is any close of one year and beginning of another: and yet it has most fitly all the force of a great fact. When men "cross the line," they find no visible mark: the sea bears no trace of an equatorial belt; and yet mariners know whereabouts they are, and they take notice thereof, so that a man can hardly cross the line for the first time without remembering it to the day of his death. We are crossing the line now. We have sailed into another year of grace; therefore let us keep a feast unto the Lord. If Jesus has not made us new already, let the new year cause us to think about the great and needful change of conversion.

"Nil Desperandum."—A man was heard at a prayer-meeting pleading in louder tones than usual;

he was a sailor, and his voice was pitched to the tune of the roaring billows. A lady whispered to her friend, "Is that Captain F——?" "Yes," said the other, "why do you ask?" "Because," said she, "the last time I heard that voice, its swearing made my blood run cold; the man's oaths were beyond measure terrible. Can it be the same man?" Someone observed, "Go and ask him." The lady timidly said, "Are you the same Captain F—— that I heard swearing in the street, outside my house?" "Well," he said, "I am the same person, and yet, thank God, I am not the same!" O brethren, such were some of us; but we are washed, but we are sanctified! Wonders of grace to God belong. I was reading the other day a story of an old shepherd who had never attended a place of worship; but when he had grown grey, and was near to die, he was drawn by curiosity into the Methodist chapel, and all was new to him. Hard-hearted old fellow as he was, he was noticed to shed tears during the sermon. He had obtained a glimpse of hope. He saw that there was mercy even for him. He laid hold on eternal life at once. The surprise was great when he was seen at the chapel, and greater still when, on the Monday night, he was seen at the prayer-meeting; yes, and heard at the prayer-meeting, for he fell down on his knees and praised God that he had found mercy. Do you wonder that the Methodists shouted, "Bless the Lord"? Wherever Christ is preached the most wicked of men

and women are made to sit at the Savior's feet, "clothed and in their right minds." My hearer, why should it not be so with you? At any rate, we have full proof of the fact that sinnership is no reason for despair.

"No God's Land."—IF a spot could be found wherein there would be no God, what a fine building speculation might be made there. Millions would emigrate to "No God's Land," and would feel at ease, as soon as they trod its Godless shores.

No time for religion.—I REMEMBER hearing an old lady say to a man who said that he had no time, "Well, you have got all the time there is." I thought that was a very conclusive answer. You have had the time, and you still have all the time there is—why do you not use it? Nobody has more than twenty-four hours in a day, and you have no less.

Now. No time like the present.—I TAKE a religious newspaper from America, and the last copy I had of it bore on it these words at the end, in good large type, printed in a practical, business-like, American way: "If you do not want to have this paper, discontinue it NOW. If you wish to have it for the year 1875, send your subscription NOW. If you have any complaint against it, send your complaint NOW. If you have removed, send a notice of your change of residence NOW." There was a big "NOW" at the

end of every sentence. Well, thought I, that's right: and that is common sense. If you wish to forsake your sins, forsake them NOW. If you would have mercy from God through Jesus Christ, believe on Him NOW.

NEVER be afraid of your Bibles.

NEVER get an inch beyond the Cross.

NO man need stick in the mud because he becomes a Christian.

NOTHING holds a man like the silken cord of gratitude.

NOTHING shakes prison-walls and breaks jailers hearts, like the praises of the Lord.

Obedience.—YOU are God's creature, and yet you have rendered to Him no obedience! You would not keep a horse or a dog that did not do you some service, or follow at your whistle.

Obedience.—THE negro said, you remember, that if God bade him to go through a wall, whether he could go through it or not was no business of his. "Here I go," said he, "right at it." We may rest assured that the Lord never did command us to leap through a wall without causing it to give way when our faith brought us to the test. We have to obey the precept, and leave the consequences. If God says, "Do it," the command is both the warrant for our act and

the security for our being aided with all necessary help.

Obedience—Orderly.—It will never do to put Christ's commands the other way upwards, because then they mean just nothing. You have heard of Mary, when her mistress said, "Mary, go into the drawing-room, and sweep and dust it." Her mistress went into the drawing-room and found it dusty. She said, "Mary, did you not sweep the room, and dust it?" "Well, ma'am, yes, I did; only I dusted it first, and then I swept it." That was the wrong order, and spoiled the whole.

Old and new theology.—I have been informed by those that know most about it, that the theology of the future has not yet crystallized itself sufficiently to be defined. As far as I can see, it will take a century or two before its lovers have licked it into shape, for they have not yet settled which shape it is to be. While the grass is growing, the steed is starving. The new bread is baking, the arsenic is well mixed with it. But the oven is not very hot, and the dough is not turned into loaf yet. I should advise you to keep to that bread of which your fathers ate, the bread which came down from Heaven. Personally, I am not willing to make any change, even if the new bread were ready on the table; for new bread is not very digestible, and the arsenic of doubt is not according to my desire. I shall keep to the old manna till

I cross the Jordan, and eat the old corn of the Land of Canaan.

Old nature remains.—A RESPECTABLE man whom I know, said that the other night he was driving along with his old horse. Another man came through the fog, and their horses touched each other; but, said he, "We passed very civilly." But there came along one like a gentleman, driving rather fast; he drove into the poor man's cart, and instead of making any apology, he cut him across the face with his whip. My friend is a decided Christian, yet he felt the old nature in him, and wanted to give him a cut with his whip in return, but he did not. When he got home he said, "The old man is not dead yet; if he had been, I should not have felt a momentary spite. I kept him down, but I felt very angry, and I said to myself: 'Ah! though you have been a Christian for a great many years, the old man is still alive.'" So he is in every one of us. He lies like a sneak in the corner, but the day shall come when there shall be no remains of the evil, no trace of sin left in us, and in heaven we shall sing, "He hath washed us from our sins in His own blood." He has taken the last relic of sin away, every tendency to evil, every possibility of evil, for it is written: "They are without fault before the throne of God, and no sin shall ever come into their hearts again."

Old things passed away.—DR. CHALMERS, in his ex-

position of Romans, pictures a man engaged with full and earnest ambition on some humble walk of retail merchandise. He cares about petty things, and makes great account of his little stocktaking. His hopes and fears range within his circumscribed trading, and he aspires to nothing more than to reach a few shillings a week to retire on. But a splendid property is willed to him, or he is introduced into a sublime walk of high and honorable adventure. Henceforth everything is made new. The man's cares, hopes, habits, tastes, desires, all are new. His expenditure alters; his valuation of money alters; his fears about the state of his stock disappear; his joy in the prospect of a small competency is no more before his eyes. He has risen to a different level altogether. New conditions have silently changed all things. The whole man is built on a bigger scale; his house, his table, his garments, and his speech, are of all another sort. In the same way the Lord, by all that He has done for us, and in us, has changed everything.

Omitted duty.—OMITTED duty is like a little stone in the sole of your shoe. It is small, and some say it is a non-essential matter; but it is just because it is so small, that it can do so much mischief. If I had a great pebble in my boot, I should be sure to get it out, but a tiny stone may remain and blister me, and lame me. Get out the little stones, or they will hinder your travelling to heaven.

Opposition helpful.— MANY, many years ago, a num-

ber of persons were seen to be going towards Smithfield, early one morning, and somebody said, "Whither are you going?" "We are going to Smithfield." "What for?" "To see our pastor burnt." "Well, but what in the name of goodness do you want to see him burnt for? What can be the good of it?" They answered, "We are going to see him burn, to learn the way." Oh, but that was grand. "To learn the way." Then the rank and file of the followers of Jesus learned the way to suffer and die as the leaders of the church set the example. Yet the church in England was not destroyed by persecution, but it became more mighty than ever, because of the opposition of its foes.

Order—the right thing in the right.—You know that it spoils even good things when you reverse the right order they should be done in, and as we commonly say, "Put the cart before the horse." Great mischief always comes from departing from God's method in spiritual things. When the Lord tells you to believe and be baptized, if you are baptized first, and then believe, you have upset the Scriptural order, and have practically disobeyed it; you have not kept to God's Word at all. There is nothing like doing the right thing in the right order.

Our commission, our warrant.—The postman frequently knocks at the door as late as ten o'clock. I suppose you want to be asleep. Do you cry out—

"How dare you make that noise?" No, he is the postman, an officer of Her Majesty, and he is sent out with the last mail, and must deliver the letters. You cannot blame him for doing that for which he is sent. Go you and knock at the door of the careless and the sleepy. Give them a startling word. Do not let them perish for want of a warning or an invitation, go on without fear: your commission is your warrant.

Our impotence, glorifying Christ.—You see, in a school, that clever boy. Well, it is not much for a master to have made a clever boy of him. But here is one who shines as a scholar, and his mother says he was the greatest dolt in the family. All his schoolfellows say, "Why, he was our butt. He seemed to have no brains; but our master somehow has got brain into him and made him know something which, at one time, he appeared incapable of knowing." Somehow it does seem to be as if our very folly, and impotence, and spiritual death, if the Holy Ghost shows to us the things of Christ, will go towards the increase of that great glorifying of Christ, at which the Holy Spirit aims.

Our righteousness lifeless.—"See here," they say, "we will make it stand." If I had a corpse here—I am glad that I have not—I would stand it up, and it tumbles down. Nevertheless, I will put its legs a little wider apart. Down it goes. Now I will prop it up. Surely I can make this dead thing stand.

But no. It has a tendency to fall, and it falls. Have I not seen a sinner trying to set up the corpse of his own righteousness, and make it stand? At last he has been obliged to say what the fool said in the old classic, "It wants something inside," and so it does; for until there is life within, it will not stand. Even so, our righteousness has no true vitality, no life within, and it will not stand.

OBEDIENCE is for the present tense.

ONE of the best positions in which our heart can be found is at Jesus' feet.

OUR littleness does not alter God's promise.

OUR motto is, "With God anywhere: without God, nowhere."

OUR vessels are never full till they run over. The little over proves our zeal, tries our faith, casts us upon God, and wins His help.

Pardon—Free.—A PRISONER was taken out to die, and as he rode along in the death-cart his heart was heavy at the thought of death, and none could cheer him of all the throng. The gallows-tree was in sight, and this blotted out the sun for him. But lo, his prince came riding up in hot haste bearing a free pardon. Then the man opened his eyes, and, as though he had risen from the dead, he returned to happy consciousness. The sight of his prince had

chased all gloom away. He declared that he had never seen a fairer countenance in all his days: and when he read his pardon he vowed that no poetry should ever be dearer to his heart than those few lines of sovereign grace. Friends, I remember well when I was in that death-cart, and Jesus came to me with pardon.

Peace.—AUGUSTINE, after years of tossing to and fro, found peace with God by hearing a little child say, "Take up, and read." I suppose that the child was singing to itself, and hardly knew what it was saying as it repeated to itself the two words—"Tolle, lege; tolle, lege; tolle, lege." "Take up, and read." That voice struck the ear of the perplexed thinker as though it were the voice of God, and he took the Scripture, and read the Scripture, and no sooner had he read it than he found Christ. I would entreat each one of you to do this, in order that you may find rest for your soul. Believe what is revealed in Holy Scripture.

Peace—a baseless.—A POOR woman was the loving mother of an only son. He was very dear to her. He fell sick; indeed, he was sick unto death; but the mother could not bear to think so. She scraped together the needful fee for a physician; and oh, the peace of heart she had when the trusted man came down-stairs and said to her, "Your son will recover; there is no grave cause to fear. Nurse him carefully,

and he will soon be at his post again." The mother was restful of heart because she believed the doctor. Within a single day her son died, and those hours of false peace were the wormwood and gall of her affliction. It was a sad, sad pity for her hopes to have been raised, for she cried, "If I had only have known he was going to die, I would not have felt the loss so severely; but I am grievously disappointed. How could the doctor tell me he would live?" The physician was either greatly mistaken, or else wished to soothe the mother's manifest anxiety. If the latter was the case, his untruthfulness was unwisdom. I cannot follow the like course. It is a pity to create a peace which is baseless.

Peace made with God.—I LIKE the language of a poor bricklayer, who fell from a scaffold, and was so injured that he was ready to die. The clergyman of the parish came and said, "My dear man, I am afraid you will die. You had better make your peace with God." To the joy of the clergyman, the man said, "Make my peace with God, sir! That was made for me upon Calvary's Cross eighteen hundred years ago; and I know it." Ah! that is it—to have peace that was made by the blood of Christ all those years ago —a peace that can never be broken. Then come life, come death, aye! come a lengthened life and ripe old age: the best preparation for a lengthened life is to know the Lord.

Peace—uplifting.—THE compass on board an iron steam-vessel is placed aloft, so that it may not be so much influenced by the metal of the ship: though surrounded by that which would put it out of place, the needle faithfully adheres to the pole, because it is set above misleading influence. So with the child of God when the Lord has given him peace: he is lifted beyond the supremacy of his sorrowful surroundings, and his heart is delivered from its sad surroundings.

Perfection—modern.—YOU have heard the classic story of the Rhodian, who said that at such-and-such a place he had made a jump of many yards. He bragged till a Greek, who stood by, chalked out the distance, and said, "Would you mind jumping half that length now?" So I have heard people talk of what enjoyments they once had. I have heard of a man who has the roots of depravity dug out of him; and as for sin, he has almost forgotten what it is. I would like to watch that brother when under the influence of rheumatism. I do not want him to have it long, but I should like him to have a twinge or two, that I might see whether some roots of corruption do not remain. I think that when he was tried in that way, or if not just in that way, in some other, he would find that there was a rootlet or two still in the soil. If a storm were to come on, perhaps our brave dry-land sailor might not find his anchor quite so

easy to cast overboard as he now thinks it is. You smile at the talk of modern perfection, and so do I; but I am sick of it.

Persecution.—When Hamilton was burned in Scotland, there was such an impetus given to the gospel through his burning that the adversaries of the gospel were wont to say, "Let us burn no more martyrs in public, for the smoke of Hamilton's burning has made many eyes to smart until they were opened." So, no doubt, it always was. Persecution is a red hand which scatters the white wheat far and wide.

Persecution.—I was reading the other day the life of John Philpot, who was shut up in Bishop Bonner's coal-hole in Fulham Palace. There he and his friends sang psalms so merrily that the Bishop chided them for their mirth. They could have quoted apostolical authority for singing in prison. When there were seven of them, Philpot wrote: "I was carried to my lord's coal-house again, where I, with my six fellow prisoners, do rouse together in the straw as cheerfully, we thank God, as others do in their beds of down." To be with the people of God, one would not mind being in the coal-hole. No one wants to be in Bonner's coal-hole; but better be there with the martyrs than upstairs in the palace with the Bishop. To hear the saints' holy talk, and sing with them their gladsome psalms, and with them behold the angel of the covenant, is a very different thing from mere suffering or imprisonment.

Perseverance.—I AM reminded of Sir Christopher Wren, when he cleared away old St. Paul's to make room for his splendid pile. He was compelled to use battering-rams upon the massive walls. The workmen kept on battering and battering. An enormous force was brought to bear upon the walls for days and nights, but it did not appear to have made the least impression upon the ancient masonry. Yet the great architect knew what he was at: he bade them keep on incessantly, and the ram fell again and again upon the rocky wall, till at length the whole mass was disintegrating and coming apart; and then each stroke began to tell. At a blow it reeled, at another it quivered, at another it moved visibly, at another it fell over amid clouds of dust. These last strokes did the work. Do you think so? No, it was the combination of blows, the first as truly as the last. Keep on with the battering-ram.

Personal testimony helpful.—WHEN we meet with a man who has been in special trouble, and he has escaped from it, we are anxious to know how it came to pass, in order that, if we are cast into a similar trial, we also may resort to the same door of hope. You meet with a man who has long been sore afflicted, and to find him full of joy at his relief is a pleasure and a personal comfort. You heard him lamenting for years, and now you hear him rejoicing, and this excites your wonder and your hope. It is as though a cripple saw another lame man leaping and running.

He very naturally enquires, "How is this?" The other day you saw a blind man begging in the streets, and now he has an eye bright as that which sparkles on the face of a gazelle, and you cry in astonishment, "Tell me who was the occulist that operated on your eyes, for I may be in a like case, and I should be glad to know where to go." Here, then, we have a gate of knowledge opened before us.

Pleasures—sinking sand.—THERE is no real cause for envying the wicked, for their present is danger, their future is doom. I see them now, on yonder island, sporting, dancing, feasting merrily. I am standing as on a bare rock, and I might well envy them their island of roses and lilies; but as I watch I see their fairy island gradually sinking to destruction. The ocean is rising all round; the waves are carrying away the shores, even while they dance the floods advance. Lo, yonder is one infatuated wretch sinking amidst the devouring flood; the rest continue at their play, but it cannot last much longer. They will soon be gone. Let me stand on my lone rock, rather than sink amid their fleeting luxury. Let me abide in safety rather than dance where danger is round.

"On Christ the solid rock I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand."

Power of truth.—A UNITARIAN minister who preached that wild doctrine of universal salvation, which is so popular just now, once met an old-fashioned

Baptist brother, who was not a well educated man, but who had a crowded congregation, while his brother had only a dozen or two to hear him eloquently discourse. The Unitarian said, "I cannot make out how it is that there is such a difference in our congregations, you get so many to hear you, and I so few. I preach a very pleasing doctrine. I tell the people that all will be right with them at last. I do not worry them with any doctrines of repentance and faith and atonement, and yet they will not come to hear me. You preach a very dreary doctrine, and you tell the people that except they repent they shall perish and be cast into hell, and yet they crowd your place to hear you. How is that?" "Well," said the old man, "I think it is, my friend, because they have a shrewd suspicion that what I say is true, and that what you say is not true." There he hit the nail on the head. It is so. The conscience of men bids them distrust the word which tells them there will be no difference between the righteous and the wicked.

Practical Christianity.—When a ship first leaves the stocks it is well for it to go a trial trip, but to have a ship always being tried would be very absurd; it is time that it took voyages in real earnest, and was registered in the merchant service; there will be then trial enough in the actual execution of service. Some Christians, by a continual introspection, are always raising the point, "Am I a Christian?" Brother, be a Christian. "Am I a child of God?"

Brother, be a child of God, and enjoy it; and do not spend a lifetime in searching for the family register.

Praise—whole-souled.—WHEN the photographer fits that iron rest at the back of your head, and keeps you waiting about ten minutes while he gets his plates ready, why your soul goes out of town, and nothing remains but that heavy look. When the work of art is finished, it is you, and yet it is not you. You were driven out by the touch of that iron. Another time, perhaps, your portrait is taken instantaneously, while you are in an animated attitude, while your whole soul is there; and your friends say, "Ay, that is your very self." I want you to bless the Lord with your soul at home as in that portrait. I saw a book to-day, wherein the writer says in the preface, "We have given a portrait of our mother, but there was a kind of sacred twinkle about her eyes, which no photograph could reproduce." Now it is my heart's desire that you do praise the Lord with that sacred twinkle, with that feature or faculty which is most characteristic of you. Let your eyes praise Him. Let your brow praise Him. Let every part of your manhood be aroused, and so aroused as to be in fine form.

Prayer.—WE used to have an old member of this church who used to pray in very extraordinary places. Two women were fighting, and he knelt down between them to pray, and they gave over

fighting directly. Before a door when there has been a noise in the house he has begun to pray. He was better than a policeman, for his prayer awed the most obstinate. They could not understand it: they thought it a strange thing, and they did not care to put themselves into direct opposition to the man of God. There is a wonderful power in prayer to bless ourselves, besides the blessings that it will bring upon others. Pray with the weak ones, and you will not be a weak one yourself.

Prayer—A begging.—YOU are so troubled that you cannot speak. Well, then, copy the beggars in the street. They must not beg, for that is contrary to law. But a man sits down, and writes on a spade, "I am starving," and he looks as white as a sheet. What a picture of misery! He is not begging; not he; but the money comes dropping into the old hat. So, when you cannot pray, I believe that your silent display of utter inability is the best sort of praying. The blessing comes when we sit down before the Lord, and in sheer desperation expose our spiritual need.

Prayer—Ceaseless.—THE Lord girdles the globe with intercessions, by His daily and nightly watchers. As our Queen's morning drum beats round the globe, so does ceaseless prayer cast a belt of golden grace around the earth.

Prayer—Definite.—LIKE a playful boy, you get

your bow and arrows and shoot them anywhere. The way to pray is to take in hand the aforesaid bow and arrows, and—you think I am going to say, shoot them with all your might; but I am not in such haste. Wait a bit! Yes, draw the string, and fit the arrow to it, but wait, wait! Wait till you see distinctly the center of the mark! What can be the use of shooting if you have not something to shoot at? Wait, then, till you know what you are going to do. You want to strike the white, to pierce the centre of the target. Be sure, then, that you get it well into your eye! Imitate David, who says, "In the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee; and will look up." He has fixed the arrow, drawn the bow, and taken deliberate aim, now is the time for the next act; he lets the arrow fly. How well directed! See! he has made a center! He caught the mark with his eye, and therefore he has struck it with his arrow. Oh, to pray with a distinct object! Indefinite praying is a waste of breath.

Prayer—Family.—Sir Thomas Abney had been accustomed to have family prayer at a certain time. He was made Lord Mayor of London. His hour of family prayer being some time about the time of the banquet, he begged to be excused for a little, for he had an urgent engagement with a special friend. He then went and called his family together, to meet with God in prayer Do the same; if even a banquet

should come down upon you, quit the table for the altar, and your guests for your God.

Prayer never hinders work.—In a little church on the Italian mountains I saw, amongst many absurd daubings, one picture which struck me. There was a ploughman who had turned aside at a certain hour to pray. The rustic artist drew him on his knees before the opened heavens; and lest there should be any waste of time occasioned by this, an angel was going on ploughing for him. I like the idea. I do not think an angel ever did go on with a man's ploughing while he was praying, but I think that the same result often does come to pass, and that when we give our hearts to God, and seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, all these things are added unto us.

Prayer—Prevalent.—Those who deny the efficacy of prayer never pray; nay, are not capable of offering prevalent prayer. Yet these fellows get up and say it is of no avail. They remind me of the Irish prisoner who was brought up for murder, and half a-dozen people swore that they had seen him do the deed. "Your lordship," said he, "I could bring you ten times as many who *didn't* see me do it." Yes, but that was no evidence at all; and in the same way these people have the impudence to set up their theory on no better grounds than the fact that they do not pray and God does not hear them.

Prayer—Private.—A LITTLE boy, who was accustomed to spend some time every day in prayer, went up into a hayloft, and when he climbed into the hayloft, he always pulled the ladder up after him. Someone asked him why he did so. He answered, "As there is no door, I pull up the ladder." Oh, that we could always in some way cut the connection between our soul and the intruding things which lurk below! There is a story told of some person, I never knew who it was, who desired to see me on a Saturday night, when I had shut myself up to make ready for the Sabbath. He was very great and important, and so the maid came to say that someone desired to see me. I bade her say that it was my rule to see no one at that time. Then he was more important and impressive still, and said, "Tell Mr. Spurgeon that a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ desires to see him immediately." The frightened servant brought the message; but the sender gained little by it, for my answer was, "Tell him I am busy with his Master, and cannot see servants now."

Prayer prompted by God.—WHAT a gracious God He is! Suppose a case. A great king has been grievously offended by a rebellious subject, but in kindness of heart he wills to be reconciled. He invites the rebel to sue for pardon. He replies, "O king, I would fain be forgiven, but how can I properly approch your offended majesty? I am anxious to present such a petition as you can accept. But I

know not how to draw it up." Suppose this great king were to say, "I will draw up the petition for you," what confidence the supplicant would feel in presenting the petition. He brings to the king his own words. He prays the prayer he is bidden to pray. By the very fact of drawing up the petition, the monarch pledged himself to grant it. O, my hearer, the Lord puts it in your mouth to say this morning, "Take away all iniquity." May you find it in your heart to pray in that fashion. That prayer is best which is offered in God's own way, and is of God's own prompting.

Prayer to be studied.—If I had an invitation to visit the Queen, and was told I might ask what I pleased of Her Majesty, I should prepare my request. If I wished to make the most of the interview, I should reflect, and set my petition in order. I might ask amiss; I might ask for something inconsistent, or something unfit for royalty to bestow. I should therefore turn my prayer over. When you go before God, it is well to know what you want.

Praying in fine weather.—There was a storm at sea once, and there was a young man on board who was not used to storms, and he feel into a great state of mind. He was not of much use on board the ship, through his fears. He crept into a corner, and knelt down to pray; but the captain, on coming along, could not stand that. He shouted, "Get up, you coward;

say your prayers in fine weather." He did get up, saying to himself, "I only hope that I may see fine weather to say my prayers in." When he landed, the words the captain said remained in his mind. He said, "That is quite correct, I will say my prayers in fine weather." I would say to you who hope to live a hundred years, *say your prayers in fine weather*."

Preacher converted by his own preaching.—I WISH that it might happen to you as it did with my dear friend, Mr. Haslam, whom God has blessed to the conversion of so many. He was preaching a sermon that he did not understand, and while he preached it, he converted himself. By God's grace he began to feel the power of the Holy Spirit and the force of divine truth. He so spoke that a Methodist in the congregation called out, "The parson is converted"; and so the parson was. He owned it, and praised God for it, and all the people sang:—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

His own utterances concerning Christ crucified had been the power of God unto salvation to him.

Preaching remembered by practice.—I HEARD of one who was asked by her minister whether she remembered last Sunday's sermon. "No," she said, "it is all gone." "But you ought to remember it," said the minister. "No," she replied, "I am not expected to remember it, for you do not remember it yourself; you read it all from a paper." The argument is, if

the preacher does not remember his own preaching to put it into practice, how can he expect others to do so?

Preaching with hands and feet.—THE religion of mere brain and jaw does not amount to much. We want the religion of hands and feet. I remember a place in Yorkshire, years ago, where a good man said to me, "We have a real good minister." I said, "I am glad to hear it." "Yes," he said, "he preaches with his feet." Well, now, that is a capital thing if a preacher preaches with his feet by walking with God, and with his hands by working for God.

Precious blood to be used.—A GENTLEMAN has purchased a very expensive sword, with a golden hilt and an elaborate scabbard: he hangs it up in his hall, and exhibits it to his friends. Occasionally he draws it out from the sheath, and he says, "Feel how keen is the edge!" The precious blood of Jesus is not meant for us merely to admire and exhibit. We must not be content to talk about it, and extol it, and do nothing with it; but we are to use it in the great crusade against unholiness and unrighteousness, till it is said of us, "They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb."

Prejudice—ears stopped with.—I HAVE read that in the reign of Queen Elizabeth there was a law made that everybody should go to his parish church; but many sincere Romanists loathed to go and hear Pro-

testant doctrine. Through fear of persecution, they attended the parish church ; but they took care to fill their ears with wool, so that they should not hear what their priests condemned. It is wretched work preaching to a congregation whose ears are stopped with prejudices.

Preparation for the Lord's coming.—If I were asked to visit you to-morrow evening, I am sure you would make some preparations for my call, even for one so commonplace as myself. You would prepare, because you would welcome me. If you expected the Queen to call, how excited you would be. What preparations a good housewife would make for a royal visitor. When we expect our Lord to come we shall be concerned to have everything ready for Him. I sometimes see the gates open in front of the larger houses in the suburbs, and it means that they are expecting company. Keep the great gates of your soul always open, expecting your Lord to come. It is idle to look about for His coming, if we never set our house in order and never put ourselves in readiness for His reception.

Presence of God in all things.—O child of God, when you are troubled it is because you fancy you are alone ; but you are not alone, the Eternal Worker is with you. Listen, and you will hear the revolution of those matchless wheels which are forever turning according to the will of the Lord.

These wheels are high and dreadful, but they move with fixed and steady motion, and they are "full of eyes round about." Their course is no blind track of a car of Juggernaut, but the eyes see, the eyes look towards their end, the eyes look upon all that comes within the circuit of the wheels. Oh, for a little heavenly eye-salve to touch our eyes, that we may perceive the presence of the Lord in all things! Then shall we see the mountain to be full of horses of fire, and chariots of fire round about the prophets of the Lord. The stars in their courses are fighting for the cause of God. Our allies are everywhere. God will summon them at the right moment.

Presence of Jesus.—SET a bird of the day flying by night, and see how it flutters, and how uneasy it is. Go with a candle, if you will, to any place where a number of birds have made their nests, and see how strangely bewildered they are. The only bird that will be at home in the dark is the owl, the bird of the night; and if any one of you can be happy without your Master you are of the night. If you can be content without the sunlight of Jesus' presence, depend upon it you are one of the bats of the cavern; you are not one of the eagles of the day.

Promise—a key.—SOMETIMES you lose the key of a drawer, and you must have it opened, and therefore you send for the whitesmith, and he comes in with a great bunch of keys. Somewhere among them he

has a key that will open your drawer. The Bible contains keys that will open the iron gates of your trouble, and give you freedom from your sorrow. The point is to find out the right promise; and the Spirit of God often helps us in that matter by bringing the words of the Lord Jesus to our remembrance.

Promises—Christian riches.—I MET with a story which seemed to me rather a pretty one. There was a young woman, fair to look upon, who was seen by a very wealthy gentleman, who determined to make her his wife. She had been brought up to habits of rigid economy, for the family was straitened in circumstances. Her father was not one of the poorest, but still, poor enough; and on her marriage day he gave her all he could, namely, put five pounds to her banking account; on the same day, her husband also put a sum, namely, for £1,000, into the same bank, and handed her a check-book that she might draw what she liked. Well, having been properly brought up, she spent her money very, very carefully. She soon found it gone, however, because of the new circle into which she had been taken. Then she went and drew £10, in great fear lest they would not give her the ten sovereigns all at once, and when she had received them, she was surprised and overjoyed; she soon ran through this, and drew again till she had drawn £50. One day her husband said, "You little goose, I thought you did not know how to manage a check-book." She said, "Why, have I been too extravagant?"

"No," he said, "most women would have drawn and spent a thousand pounds. But instead of that, you have only spent fifty pounds, and you cannot behave yourself as my wife on such a pittance. Remember, you may be a poor man's daughter, but you are a rich man's wife; so just begin to spend according to my riches, and not your father's economy." This is our case in reference to our Lord Jesus. We know we are a poor man's children. Our original father "broke" long ago. There was nothing left of all the family estate. When father Adam was in business, he became a bankrupt, and left us nothing but a sea of debt. But then we are married to King Jesus, who is Heir of all things, and He puts the check-book of promises into our hands, that we may draw from the riches of divine grace.

Promises like checks.—A promise is like a check. If I have a check what do I do with it? Suppose I carried it about in my pocket, and said, "I do not see the use of this bit of paper, I cannot buy anything with it," a person would say, "Have you been to the bank with it?" "No, I did not think of that." "But it is payable to your order. Have you written your name on the back of it?" "No, I have not done that." "And yet you are blaming the person who gave you the check? The whole blame lies with yourself. Put your name at the back of the check, go with it to the bank, and you will get what is promised to you." A prayer should be the

presentation of God's promise endorsed by your personal faith. I hear of people praying for an hour together. I am very pleased that they can; but it is seldom that I can do so, and I see no need for it. It is like a person going into a bank with a check, and stopping an hour. The clerks would wonder. The common-sense way is to go to the counter and show your check, and take your money, and go about your business. There is a style of prayer which is of this fine, practical character. You so believe in God that you present the promise, obtain the blessing, and go about your Master's business.

Promises like checks.—If you had in your house a number of checks which you believed to be good, I do not suppose that you would long be unaware of their nature and value. No merchant here would say "I have a number of bills, and drafts, and checks at home somewhere: I have no doubt that they are all good, and that they are my lawful property; but I do not know much about them. Their value is quite unknown to me." Such ignorance would argue insanity. Will you know your earthly wealth, and never consider your heavenly riches? In the Bible there are "exceeding great and precious promises"; shall it be said that some of God's children do not know what those promises contain? They have read them, perhaps, but they have never really searched into their meaning to see what God has promised.

Promises—Personal.—When a man sees a garment. left at his door which fits him exactly, and is evidently cut to suit certain peculiarities of his form, he concludes that the garment was meant for him Even so, in many a promise, I see certain private marks which are the exact counterparts of the secrets of my soul, and these show that God meant me when thus and thus He spoke.

Promises—Precious.—If you go into the market and are likely to do a ready-money business, you always take a check-book with you; so carry precious promises with you, that may plead the word which suits your case. I have turned to promises for the sick, when I have been of that number, or to promises for the poor, the despondent, the weary, and such like, according to my own condition, and I have always found a Scripture fitted to my own case. I do not want a promise made to the sick when I am perfectly well; I do not want balm for a broken heart when my soul is rejoicing in the Lord; but it is very handy to know where to lay your hand upon suitable words of cheer when necessity arises. Thus the eternal comfort of the Christian is the Word of God.

Promises—to be tried.—Dost thou think God makes shams like some who have made belts for swimming, which were good to exhibit in a shop, but of no use in the sea? We have all heard of swords

which were useless in war; and even of shoes which were made to sell, but were never made to walk in. God's shoes are of iron and brass, and you can walk to heaven in them without their ever wearing out: and His life-belts, you may swim a thousand Atlantics upon them, and there will be no fear of your sinking. His word of promise is meant to be tried and proved.

Promises—to be used.—THE other day a poor woman had a little help sent to her, by a friend, in a letter. She was in great distress, and she went to that very friend begging for a few shillings. "Why," said the other, "I sent you money yesterday, by an order in a letter!" "Dear, dear!" said the poor woman, "that must be the letter which I put behind the looking-glass!" Just so; and there are lots of people who put God's letters behind the looking-glass, and fail to make use of the promise which is meant for them.

Promises—Unused.—I FEAR that many of God's promises are seldom used. They are like the white-smith's bunch of keys. Why are they so rusty? Because they are not in constant use. They have not been turned in the lock, day by day, or they would be bright enough.

Prosperity.—HAPPY is that man who in prosperity can hear the voice of God in the tinkling of the sheep-bells of his abundant flocks, can hear Him in the lowing of the oxen which cover his fields, and in

the loving voices of dear children around him. But, mark you! prosperity is a painted window which shuts out much of the clear light of God, and only when the blue, and the crimson, and the golden tinge are removed, is the glass restored to its full transparency. Adversity thus takes away tinge, and color, and dimness, and we see our God far better than before, if our eyes are prepared for the light.

Prosperity.—Mr. Jay was never more pleased than when at Bristol he had a note sent up to him which ran as follows:—"A young man, who is prospering in business, begs the prayers of God's people that prosperity may not be a snare to him." Take care that you look thus upon your prosperity. My dear friend, Dr. Taylor, of New York, speaks of some Christians nowadays as having a "butterfly Christianity." When time, and strength, and thought, and talent are all spent upon mere amusement, what else are men and women but mere butterflies? "Society" is just a mass of idle people, keeping each other in countenance.

Prove all things.—"Oh," says a man "but you must prove all things." Yes, so I will; but if one should set a joint of meat on his table, and it smell rather high, I would cut a slice, and if I put one bit of it in my mouth, and found it far gone, I should not feel it necessary to eat the whole round of beef to test its sweetness. Some people seem to think that they

must read a bad book through; and they must go and hear a bad preacher often before they can be sure of his quality. Why, you can judge many teachings in five minutes. You say to yourself, "No, sir, no, no, no, this is good meat—for dogs. Let them have it, but it is not good meat for me, and I do not intend to poison myself with it."

Providences.—GOD'S ways are at times like heavy wagon-tracks, and they cut deep into our souls; yet they are all of them mercy. Whether our days trip along like the angels mounting on Jacob's ladder to heaven, or grind along like the wagons which Joseph sent for Jacob, they are in each case ordered in mercy. I stand by the happy memories of a tried past, as in summer weather I walk down a green lane; and as I look at the deep ruts which God's providence made long ago, I see flowers of mercy growing in them. All the crushing and the crashing was in goodness. Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life. Yes, "all the days of my life," the dark and the cloudy, the stormy and the wintry, as surely as in "the days of heaven upon the earth." Brethren, we may sing a song of unmingled mercy. The paths of God have been to us nothing else but mercy. Mercy, mercy, mercy, "I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever."

Providence—Special.—WHEN Master Bunyan was a lad, he was so foolhardy that, when an adder rose

against him, he took it in his hand, and plucked the sting out of its mouth, but he was not harmed. It was his turn to stand sentinel at the siege of Nottingham, and as he was going forth, another man offered to take his place. That man was shot, and Master Bunyan thus escaped. We should have had no "Pilgrim's Progress" if it had not been for that. Did not God preserve him on purpose that he might be saved? There are special interpositions of divine providence, by which God spares ungodly men, whom He might have cut down long ago as cumberers of the ground: should we not look upon these as having the intention that the barren tree may be cared for yet another year, if haply it may bring forth fruit?

Puritan and Cavalier.—SIN and error have so much the upper hand that we know not how to strike them. The two great parties in England, the Puritan and the Cavalier, take turn about, and just now the Cavalier rules most powerfully. At one time sound doctrine and holy practice had sway; but in these days loose teaching and loose living are to the fore. But our duty clearly lies in sticking to the Word of the Lord and the gospel of our fathers. God forbid that we should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ! By this sign we shall conquer yet.

Putting on the Lord Jesus.—I HAVE read of a great man who took two hours and a half to dress himself

every morning. In this he showed littleness rather than greatness; but if any of you put on the Lord Jesus Christ, you may take what time you like over the toilet. It will take you all your lives, brothers and sisters, fully to put on the Lord Jesus Christ, and to keep Him on.

PEACE and rest are two names for a flower which buds on earth, but is only found full-blown in heaven.

PERIODICAL godliness is perpetual hypocrisy.

PERSONAL experience is more convincing than observation.

PLEASURES which block the road to heaven ought to be given up.

PRAISE makes the happy man the strong man.

PRAY down the sermon, and then pray up the sermon.

PRAYER can never be in excess.

PRAYER is the promise utilized.

PRAYER is the thermometer of grace.

PREACH the cross, and plead the blood.

PROVIDENCE is God's business.

PRUDENCE prays with Moses, while it fights for Joshua.

Quakers—honorable title.—GEORGE FOX, the famous founder of the Society of Friends, was called a

"Quaker" for no other reason than this: that often, when the Spirit of God was upon him, and he spoke the Word with power, he would quake from head to foot beneath the burden of the message. It is an honorable title. No man need be ashamed to quake when Moses said, "I exceedingly fear and quake." In the presence of God a man may well tremble. Surely he is worse than the devil if he does not; for the devils believe and tremble.

Quietness of mind.—A MARTYR was fastened to the stake, and the sheriff who was to execute him expressed his sorrow that he should persevere in his opinions, and compel him to set fire to the pile. The martyr answered, "Do not trouble yourself, for I am not troubling myself. Come and lay your hand upon my heart, and see if it does not beat quietly." His request was complied with, and he was found to be quite calm. "Now," said he, "lay your hand on your own heart, and see if you are not more troubled than I am; and then go your way, and, instead of pitying me, pity yourself!" When we have done right we need no man's pity, however painful the immediate consequences.

QUESTION mars all melody.

Ready to die.—OLD GEORGE the Third, who, whatever the faults of his early days, was undoubtedly a godly man in his old age, would have a mausoleum prepared for himself and family; and when Mr.

Wyatt, the architect, went to see him by his own order, he did not know how to speak to the old king about his grave; but George said, "Friend Wyatt, do not mind speaking about my tomb. I can talk as freely to you about the preparation of a place for me to be buried in as I could about a drawing-room for me to hold my court in; for I thank God that I am prepared to do my duty if I live, and to sleep in Jesus if I die." There are but few, I think, of his rank who could talk so; but every wise man ought to see to it, that, as he must die, he is ready for it—ready for the bar of God.

Real life imitated.—MULTITUDES of religious people are like waxworks, well proportioned, and you might mistake them by candle light for life; but in the light of God you would soon discover a mighty difference, for the best that human skill can do is but a poor imitation of real life. Dressed in the garments of family religion, and adorned with the jewels of modern virtue, you may be nothing beyond "a child of nature finely dressed, but not the living child." God's living children may not seem to be quite so handsome, not so charmingly arrayed as you are, and in their own esteem they may not be worthy to consort with you, but there is a solemn difference between the living child and the dead child, however you may try to conceal it.

Real pleasure.—"WELL, Jack, old fellow," said one who met a man who had lately joined the church, "I

hear you have given up all your pleasures. "No, no," said Jack; "the fact lies the other way. I have just found all my pleasures, and have only given up all my follies." Every Christian man can confirm that way of putting it. We who have believed in Jesus have lost no real pleasures, but we have gained immensely in that direction.

Recognition in Heaven.—I CANNOT forget old John Ryland's answer to his wife: "John" she said, "will you know me in heaven?" "Betty," he replied, "I have known you well here, and I shall not be a bigger fool in heaven than I am now; therefore I shall certainly know you there." That seems to be clear enough. We read in the New Testament, "They shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven;" not sit down with three unknown individuals in iron masks, or three impersonalities who make part of the great *Pan*, nor three spirits who are exactly alike as pins made in a factory; but Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

Reconciliation.—THE only way for anybody to understand the bliss of reconciliation is to be reconciled himself. I have told you, I think, the story of the boy at the mission-house to whom the missionary gave a piece of white sugar. He had never seen it before, and when he reached home, he told his father about this sweet stuff. His father said, "Is it like so-and-so?" The boy could not answer his father's questions, and so he ran down the street to the

teacher, and said, "Teacher, please give me a lump of the white stuff for my father; he wants to know how sweet it is, and I cannot tell him. He must eat it for himself." Reconciliation to God has a sweetness in it which he only knows who enjoys it.

Record—kept by God.—OUR LORD does not call for the time sheet every night, but a time sheet is kept all the same; and there will be a day for passing in the checks, and we shall have to answer for what we have done.

Reflection of self.—THE reflection of self in the Word is very like life. You have perhaps seen a dog so astonished at his image in the glass that he has barked fiercely at himself. A parrot will mistake its reflection for a rival. Well may the creature wonder, since every one of its movements is so accurately copied; it thinks itself to be mocked. Under a true preacher men are often so thoroughly unearthed and laid bare that even the details of their lives are reported. Not only is the portrait drawn to the life, but it is an actually living portrait which is given in the mirror of the Word. There is little need to point with the finger, and say, "Thou art the man," for the hearer perceives of his own accord that he is spoken of.

Religion all important.—IF religion is important, it is all important. If it is anything, it is everything. If false, leave it altogether, and if true, love

it altogether. To show how the joy of religion is proportioned to the degree of it, I sometimes tell a story. It is a parable most instructive and fully to the point, and therefore I cannot help repeating it. It is a story of a man in America, who was fond of growing the choicest apples. He asked a neighbor to come up to his orchard and taste his apples, which he greatly praised as the best in the world. This high praise he sang many times in his friend's ear; but he could not get him to come to his place to taste the fruit. He asked him again and again to come, but he would not. He therefore hinted there must be a reason for his refusal. "Well," said the other, "the truth is, one day I was driving by your orchard and I saw an apple or two that had dropped into the road. I picked one up and tasted it, and it was, without exception the sourest thing in creation. I am much obliged to you, but I have had enough for one lifetime." "Oh!" said the owner, "do you know I went forty miles to buy those sour apples, and I planted them all along the hedge; for I thought they would be good for boys, and keep them from stealing the apples. They are a fine sort for that particular purpose. But if you will come and see me, I will lead you inside the orchard, past those first two or three rows, and you will find a sweetness and flavor which will fill your mouth with delight." "I see," said the other, "I see." Do you also see my drift? All around the outside of religion, there are sour fruits of

prohibitions, rebukes, repentances, and self-denials, to keep hypocrites out. Have you never seen how long they pull their faces, as if their religion did not agree with them? and that is because they have eaten the sour apples on the outskirts. But, oh, if you would come near to the faith and joy which are in Jesus Christ, if you would give all your heart to heavenly pursuits, you would find it quite another thing: then would your heart rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory.

Religious ostriches.—WHAT numbers of professors I have known who go into one place of worship, and hear one form of doctrine, and apparently approve it, because the teacher is "a clever man!" They hear an opposite teaching, and they are equally at home, because again it is "a clever man!" They join with a church, and you ask them, "Do you agree with the views of that community?" They neither know nor care what those views may be; one doctrine is as good as another to them. Their spiritual appetite can enjoy soap as well as butter; they can digest bricks as well as bread. These religious ostriches have a marvellous power of swallowing everything; they have no spiritual discernment, no appreciation of truth. They follow any clever person, and in this prove that they are not the sheep of our Lord's pasture, of whom it is written, "A stranger will they not follow; for they know not the voice of strangers."

Religious routine.—I HAVE heard of soldiers sleep-

ing while on the march, and I have known some good people to sleep while praying, till I have thought that their prayers were a kind of pious snore. They go on with the old phrases without considering what they mean by them. They are like crickets, whose notes are ever the same. "I sleep," says the spouse, "but my heart waketh;" but these might more truly say, "I do not sleep, and yet my heart is not awake." Many prayers are like a grocer's or draper's account: Ditto, ditto, ditto. The petitions are as per usual. It is dreary when we have the shell of a prayer before us, but have no oyster in it. The brother's lips are here in prayer, but his soul has gone home to his shop, or to his farm. The sails of his mill go round as the wind blows, but he is not grinding anything, there is no grist in the mill, no intelligent, loving desire. Let us get out of the ruts of phrases and set petitions. Mere routine religion is hateful, and yet how easily we fall into it. Let us not rest on our oars, and hope to make progress by the impetus already gained.

Remembrancer—Lord's.—A HIGH office is that of remembrancer to the King of kings. Every Christian holds this eminent position. Oriental kings maintained an officer whose business it was to remind the king of those promises he had made aforetime. He said this to that courtier, that to the other; but his majesy had plenty of other things to think of, and therefore, every now and then, his remembrancer

would say, "Please your majesty, you promised to do this and that, may it please you to perform your word." Now, the Lord has appointed His praying people to be His remembrancers. I should never have dared to use such an expression had I not found it in the inspired Word itself. The Lord says in Isaiah xliii, 26, "Put me in remembrance." The Lord cannot forget; but in condescension to our forgetfulness, He bids us act as if He could do so, and put Him in remembrance. By calling the promise to the Lord's remembrance, we are ourselves made to be the better acquainted with it. I find that a remembrancer was also appointed in our English courts, to remind the officers of their duty to their sovereign; and this is also a part of our work, to remind the world that there is a God, and that He claims obedience from His creatures. Brethren, fulfil your office.

Repentance.—THE best expectancy is that which doth with patience wait. Our esteemed brother, Mr. Lockhart, tells a story of one of his members, of the name of Carey—a royal name *that!* She was very sick and near to die, but she expressed a desire to live, at which he was somewhat astonished, for he knew her to be so well prepared to depart. She wished to stay here for a while for a good and laudable reason. There was one thing which she could see here on earth, which she could not see in heaven,

and she wished to remain here to see it again and again. "What is that?" Mr. Lockhart asked. "It is the tear of repentance on the sinner's cheek: I want to see a great many more of those before I go home."

Repentance—True.—I REMEMBER the story of Thomas Olivers, the famous cobbler convert, who was a loose living man till he was renewed by grace through the preaching of Mr. Wesley, and became a mighty preacher, and the author of that glorious hymn, "The God of Abraham praise." This man, before conversion, was much in the habit of contracting debts. He says, "I felt as great sorrow and confusion as if I had stolen every sum I owed." Now, he was not repentant for this one debt, or that other debt, but for being in debt at all, and therefore, having a little coming to him from the estate of a relative, he bought a horse, and rode from town to town, paying everybody to whom he was indebted. Before he had finished his pilgrimage he had paid seventy debts, principal and interest, and had been compelled to sell his horse, saddle, and bridle to do it. During this eventful journey he rode many miles to pay a single sixpence: it was only sixpence, but the principle was the same, whether the debt was sixpence, or a hundred pounds. Now as he that hates debts will try to clear himself of every sixpence, so he that repents of sin repents of it in every shape. No sin is spared by the true penitent. He abhors all sin.

Reserve of Christians.—It is a pity that Christian people so often shut themselves up within themselves. This is a particular fault of English people; you shall travel all over the world, in the same railway carriage with an Englishman, and he will not say a word to you. Christian people would get much good from one another if they would not be so distant. Many precious children of God have sat side by side by the hour together, and out of undue reserve, which they have thought most proper, they have failed to communicate, and have missed the opportunity of a sacred commerce of thought and experience which would have enriched them both.

Rest at home.—Home is the place of special rest. At home we are unloaded of all the world's huge load. The advocate takes off his gown, and says, "Lie there, Mr. Barrister, and let the father come to the front!" The tradesman takes off his apron, the warrior his harness, the bearer his yoke, for he is at home; and if a man may rest anywhere on earth it must surely be in his own habitation. Is not our God our rest? O beloved, is there indeed beneath the sun any repose for a poor soul except in God? There remaineth a rest for the people of God, and that rest is God Himself. "Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."

Rest greatly needed.—In Cromwell's time, a writer tells us that he walked all down Cheapside in the early morning and found all the blinds down, because at every house they were having family prayer. Where will one go to find such a state of things in this burning age? You are up in the morning and at it; and all day long you are at it, and at it, and at it. Little rest is given to our minds, and yet we want holy rest.

Rest of knowing.—I remember well a minister, whom I much respect, saying to me, "I wish I could feel as you do. You have certain fixed principles about which you are sure, and you have only to state them and enforce them; but I am in a formative state; I make my theology fresh every week." Dear me, I thought, what a hopeless state for progress and establishment! If the student of mathematics had no fixed law as to the value of numbers, but made a new multiplication table every week, he would not make many calculations. If a baker were to say to me, "Sir, I am always altering the ingredients in my bread: I make a different bread every week," I should be afraid the fellow would poison me one of these days. I would rather go to a man whose bread I had found good and nourishing. I cannot afford to experiment in the bread of life. Beside, there is an intellectual unrest in all this kind of thing, which is

escaped from when we come to love the Word of the Lord as we love our lives. Oh, the rest of knowing within your very soul that the truth you rest upon is a sure foundation!

Restless minds.—A MIND on wheels knows no rest; it is as a rolling thing before the tempest. Struggle against the desire for novelty, or it will lead you astray as the will-o'-the-wisp deceives the traveller. If you desire to be useful, if you long to honor God, if you wish to be happy, be established in the truth, and be not carried about by every wind of doctrine in these evil days, "Be ye steadfast, unmovable."

Restrained from sin.—WE have not been so bad as others because we could not be. A certain boy has run away from home. Another boy remained at home. Is he, therefore, a better child? Listen! he had broken his leg, and could not get out of bed. That takes away all the credit of his staying at home. Some men cannot sin in a certain direction, and then they say to themselves, "What excellent fellows we are to abstain from this wickedness!" Sirs, you would have done it if you could, and therefore your self-praise is mere flattery. Had you been placed in the same position as others, you would have acted as others have done, for your heart goes after the same idols.

Reward for service.—YOU remember the old Romish legend, which contains a great truth. There was a

brother who preached very mightily, and who had won many souls to Christ, and it was revealed to him one night in a dream, that in heaven he would have no reward for all he had done. He asked to whom the reward would go, and the angel told him it would go to an old man who used to sit on the pulpit stairs and pray for him. Well, it may be so, but both would most likely share their Master's praise. We shall not be rewarded, however, simply according to our apparent success.

Riches abused.—I KNEW a brother who, when he had a little money, rejoiced to have it because he gave to the cause of God abundantly. I believe that he is worth a hundred times as much as he was then, and he gives a hundredth part of what he used to do when he was poorer. In proportion as his pocket has grown golden his heart has grown bronzy. He has gone down in himself in proportion as he has gone up in his property, and now he does not enjoy things as he used to do. He is a poor creature to what he once was; even in his own esteem he is not the happy man he once was.

Ridicule endured.—I WONDER when I hear some people say, "I cannot stand being laughed at." "Does laughter break bones?" "But ridicule is very sharp." "Is it? Do the wounds bleed?" "Well," cries one, "a keen sarcasm from a wit stings you!" "Does it? Have you no cure for such bites?" Some of us

have in our minds been like Marcus Arethusa, who was stung to death by wasps; and yet we are none the worse, but rather are we all the better, for there remains no place whereon a new sting can operate.

Righteousness.—I SAW a pedler one day, as I was walking out; he was selling walking-sticks. He followed me, and offered me one of the sticks. I showed him mine—a far better one than he had to sell—and he withdrew at once. He could see that I was not likely to be a purchaser. I have often thought of that when I have been preaching: I show men the righteousness of the Lord Jesus, but they show me their own, and all hope of dealing with them is gone. Unless I can prove that their righteousness is worthless, they will not seek the righteousness which is of God by faith.

REAL faith will find a way out of perplexity, or will make one.

RELIGION without a heart is a wretched affair.

REMOVE grace out of the gospel, and the gospel is gone.

REPENTANCE, apart from Christ, will need be repented of.

REPENTANCE puts us in a lowly seat.

REVIVALS are our jubilees.

Safety in trusting fully.—THERE is a picture in a quaint old book, which represents a man with a flail trying to strike another, and the man who is assailed runs close in so that the adversary cannot strike him. Run in upon God and he cannot strike you.

Salvation.—THE salvation of a single soul is a mass of miracles. I have heard of a fire which consumed the shop of a jeweller, and a number of costly treasures of gold and silver and precious stones, were found among the ruins, caked into a conglomerate of riches. What a salvage! Such is the salvation of a single man; it is a mass of priceless mercies melted into one inestimable ingot, dedicated to the praise of the glory of His grace, who makes us to be "Accepted in the Beloved," and "Saved in the Lord," with an everlasting salvation.

Salvation for to-day.—I WAS once in a country town, and I said to my host when I went to bed, "I have to be in London to-morrow, and I cannot get up in time for my work unless I leave by a train which I can catch readily enough if you wake me at six." Well my host was an Irishman, so he woke me at five o'clock and told me I had only another hour to sleep. The consequence was that I missed my train. If he had only awoke me at the proper time and said, "Now you must get up," I should have dressed at once; but as he said "You have only another hour to sleep," of course I slept, being weary. The same principle applies to you. If I say to you, "Go home and think

it over all the week," I shall be giving you a week in which to rebel against God, and I have no right to do that. I shall be giving you a week to continue an unbeliever; and he that is an unbeliever is in peril of eternal ruin, for "He that believeth not shall be damned." Worse than all, the week may lead to many other weeks; to months, perhaps years, perchance a whole eternity of woe. I cannot give you five minutes. God the Holy Ghost speaks by me now to souls whom God hath chosen, from before the foundation of the world, and He says, "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." The Holy Ghost says, "To-day, even to-day."

Salvation—full.—When I trusted Christ, I did not trust Him to save me for a year or two, but forever. When you go the heavenly journey, take a ticket all the way through. Some of our friends take a ticket to the next station, and then rush out to get another. Take your ticket for the New Jerusalem, and not for a halfway-house. The train will never break down, and the track will never be torn up. If you can trust Jesus Christ to carry you through to glory, He will do it.

"Saved alone."—We heard, not long ago, of the shipwreck from which a mother was washed on shore, but found all her children drowned. She telegraphed to her husband two words. The first was pleasant to his eye: "Saved." The next was full of

misery: "Alone." Ah, me! would you or I like to have it so—"Saved alone"? God forbid! When we reach heaven's gate may we be able to say, "Here am I and the children that Thou hast given me."

Saved—a sinner.—A CERTAIN youth was at a low playhouse. A scene occurred, in which a mutinous sailor was to be hanged, and, asking for a glass of spirits, he was represented as drinking his own health in the words, "Here's to my immortal soul." "Immortal soul," thought the foolish youth, "immortal soul!" He had almost forgotten that he had an immortal soul. It was a shot fired at the center of the target: it struck him home; he was ready to drop; he sought the open air and a place wherein to weep. The next Sabbath morning found the young scapegrace at a prayer-meeting, seeking his father's God, and before long he found peace through the blood of Jesus, and began preaching the Gospel, which he had so grievously abused. God knows how to get at the heart of sinners.

Savior for sinners.—IF you put two canaries in a cage to-night, and in the morning when they awake they see a quantity of seed in a box, what will the birds do? Will they stop and ask what the seeds are there for? No, but they each reason thus, "Here is a little hungry bird and there is some seed; these two things go well together." And straightway they eat. So say, "Here is a Savior, and here is a sinner:

these two things go well together. Dear Savior, save me, a sinner!"

Scripture landmarks.—When a text stands in the middle of the road I drive no further. The Romans had a god they called "Terminus," who was the god of landmarks. Holy Scripture is my sacred landmark, and I hear a voice which threatens me with a curse if I remove it. Sometimes I say to myself, "I did not think to find this truth to be just so; but as it is so I must bow. It is rather awkward for my theory, but I must alter my system, for the Scripture cannot be broken." "Let God be true, but every man a liar." We want our children to have this deep reverence for Scripture, even as we have it ourselves.

Scripture warnings.—A precept of Scripture is like a lighthouse upon a quicksand or a rock; it quietly bids the wise helmsman steer his vessel another way. The whole coast of life is guarded by these protecting lights, and he who will take note of them may make safe navigation; but remember, it is one thing for the Scripture to give warning, and another for us to take it; and if we do not take warning, we cannot say, "By them is Thy servant warned."

Sealed testimony.—In olden times men did not often write their names, because they could not write at all. Even kings set their seals, because they could not give a signature. To this day, how often does it happen to me, as a trustee to a chapel or school, to have

a paper laid before me, and I not only sign my name, but I put my finger on that red wafer, which represents my seal, and I say, "This is my act and deed!" When you believe in Jesus, you have set your seal to the testimony of Jesus, which is the revelation of the Lord. You have certified that you believe in God as true.

Season—A convenient.—THE countryman when he wanted to cross the river and found it was deep, sat down by the bank to wait till the water had gone past. He waited, but the river was just as deep after all his waiting; and with all your delay, the difficulties in the way of your accepting Christ do not become any the less. If you look at the matter rightly, you will see there are no great difficulties in the way, nor were there ever such obstacles as your imagination pictures. Another countryman having to cross Cheapside, one morning, was so confused by the traffic of omnibuses and cabs, and people, that he felt sure he could not get across then, so he waited until the people and traffic thinned, but all day long it was the same. Unless he had waited till the evening, he would have found little difference. Oh, friends, you have waited for a convenient season to become a Christian, and after all your delay, the way is no clearer.

Secular united to the sacred.—IN the days of Queen Mary, a foolish spite dug up the bones of the wife of Bucer. Poor woman! She had done no ill, except

that she had married a teacher of the gospel; but she must needs be dragged from her grave to be buried in a dunghill for that offence. When Elizabeth came to the throne, her bones were buried again; but to make the body secure from any future malice of bigots, our prudent forefathers took the relics of a certain popish saint, who was enshrined at Oxford, and mixed the remains of the two deceased persons past all chance of separation. Thus Mistress Bucer was secured from further disrespect by her unity with the body of one of the canonized. I want the secular to be thus secured by union with the sacred. If we could only feel that our common acts are parts of a saintly life, they would not so often be done carelessly. If we lay our poor daily life by itself, it would be disregarded; but if we combine it with our holiest aspiration and exercises, it will be preserved. Our religion must be part and parcel of our daily life, and then the whole of our life will be preserved from the destroyer. Doth not the Scripture say, "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus"?

Self-Complacency.—SELF-COMPLACENCY is the mother of spiritual declension. David said, "My mountain standeth firm: I shall never be moved," but ere long the face of God was hidden, and he was troubled. In the presence of a professor who is pleased with his own attainments, one remembers that warning text.

"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

Self-confidence.—HEAR a parable. Yonder is a river, deep and broad. You imagine that the proper way to cross it is to wade or swim through it. You will not hear of any other way. The king has built a bridge; it is open free and without toll: the passage is as safe as it is plain. You refuse to be beholden to His Majesty. You mean to get across by your own exertions. Already you are wet and cold, but you mean to persevere. You are nearly up to your neck in the stream, and the current is too strong for you. Come back, O foolish man, come back, and cross the river by the bridge! The way of faith is so safe, so simple, so blessed; do try it! Have you not had enough of self-saving? After years of struggling you are no forwarder, and have no more comfort: quit the struggle, and rest on the Lord Jesus. Give up your self-confiding folly, and confide in the Son of God, the bleeding substitute for guilty men.

Self-esteem.—SELF-ESTEEM is a moth which frets the garments of virtue. Those flies, those pretty flies of self-praise, must be killed, for if they get into your pot of ointment they will spoil it all. Forget the past; thank God who has made you pray so well; thank God who has made you kind, gentle or humble; thank God who has made you give liberally; but forget it all and go forward, since there is yet very much land to be possessed.

Self-examination.—THE mariner has been gaily sailing on a smooth sea, and he has given no heed to his bearings; on a sudden he sees a rock ahead; from this he ought to have been far away; at that sight he shortens sail, looks about him, and in consequence of what he sees changes his course, sets a better watch and is restless until once more he reaches the old familiar channel. Fellow-voyager on the sea of life, may not this be your case?

Self-examination.—TRADESMEN generally give up attention to their books when things are out of sorts with them; they do not like their books, for their books do not like them. The man who does not like self-examination may be pretty certain that things need examining.

Self-made Christians.—I READ a book one day called "Self-made Men," and in its own sphere it was excellent; but spiritually I should not like to see a self-made man. He would be an awful specimen of humanity. A self-made Christian is one of the sort that very soon the devil takes, as I have seen children take a bran doll, and shake it all out; he likes to shake out self-made Christians, until there is nothing left of them.

Self—righteous.—OUR own supposed fulness shuts us out from receiving Christ's fulness. It must be so. You will remember the story of the ploughman and Mr. Hervey. The ploughman asked Mr. Hervey

what he thought was the greatest hindrance to men's salvation. Mr. Hervey replied, "Sinful self." "No," said the ploughman, "I think righteous self is a greater hindrance to men's salvation than sinful self. They that are sinful will come to Christ for pardon, but they that think they are righteous never will." The full oil jar can hold no more. A deserving sinner (if such a person could exist) would be of no use to the Savior, and the Savior could be of no use to him.

Self-righteousness.—THE man upon whom there is found a bad coin is very earnest in declaring that it is none of his; somebody must have slipped it into his pocket. He will not own it. A little while ago he thought to himself, "What a splendid imitation it is! How well I have cheated the Queen!" Self-righteousness is nothing but a piece of counterfeit coin; and when all goes well with us, we say, "How well I have done it! How splendid is my righteousness!" But when the Spirit of God arrests us, then we are anxious to get rid of the very thing wherein we gloried. What was our righteousness we reckon to be as filthy rags—and we reckon according to truth.

Self-salvation impossible.—IT is with the sinner as with the Romish St. Dennis. You have heard the old fable, that when he had his head cut off he picked it up, and walked a thousand miles with it in his hand. A scoffer said that the thousand miles' walk

was nothing much, it was only the first step that had any hardships in it. Just so, when a soul goes to heaven, if it takes the first steps in its own strength it can walk all the way; and then it will have all the glory.

Self-satisfaction.—WHATEVER shape self-satisfaction may assume—and it bears a great many—it is at bottom nothing but a shirking of the hardship of Christian soldierhood. The Christian soldier has to fight with sins every day, and if he be a man of God, and God's Spirit is in him, he will find he wants all the strength he has, and a great deal more, to maintain his ground and make progress in the divine life.

Self-surrender reciprocal.—YOU remember how Zinzendorf was converted to Christ by seeing, at Dusseldorf, Stenburg's picture of Christ on the cross, and at the bottom these words—

> "All this I did for thee,
> What hast thou done for Me?"

I pass on the question to you, though I cannot paint the picture, or make you see the vision. If Christ, has redeemed you, why, it follows as a matter of course that you will reckon you are not your own but bought with the price, and, like Amaziah, you will willingly offer yourself unto God.

Sense of need best plea.—WE have an orphanage, and the qualification for our orphanage is that the child for whom admission is sought shall be utterly destitute. I will suppose a widow, trying to show to

me and my fellow-trustees that her boy is a fitting object for the charity; will she tell us that her child has a rich uncle? Will she enlarge upon her own capacities for earning a living? Why, this would be to argue against herself. So, sinner, do not pretend to be righteous; Jesus comes to make the ungodly godly, and the sinful holy.

Sermons—still being preached.—A SERMON ought to be like a musical box; we wind it up when we preach it, and then it goes on playing until its tune is through. It should be said of a good sermon, "It being ended, still speaks." Hear what you hear in such a way that it shall be a seed, which will grow in the garden of your heart.

Shame—bravely borne.—I HEARD of a prayer the other day which I did not quite like at first, but there is something in it after all. The good man said, "Lord, if our hearts are hard, make them soft; but if our hearts are too soft, make them hard." I know what he meant, and I think I can pray that last prayer for some of my friends who are so delicate that a sneer would kill them. May the Lord harden them till they can despise the shame! Answer shame by making it see that you are ashamed of the scorner. Laugh at the laughter of fools, despise their despising. With glorious greatness of spirit Jesus remained unprovoked amid the cruel taunts of godless men. Run through the ribald throng. Shut your ears and run, despising the shame.

Sham sinners.—THERE are many sham sinners about. I saw, one day, in Italy, a fellow sticking out his arm, with an awful sore, and he begged of me. As I suspected that he had manufactured that sore with a little sulphuric acid or by some such process, I did not feel the least pity for him. We have lots of people, who come confessing their sins. "Oh, yes, we are sinners! we are sinners!" They do not mean it, they are only sham sinners. A real sinner, one who feels his guilt, is a sacred thing; as Hart says, "The Holy Ghost has made him so."

Signals must be correct.—EVERYTHING in railway service depends upon the accuracy of the signals: when these are wrong, life will be sacrificed. On the road to heaven we need unerring signals, or the catastrophies will be far more terrible. It is difficult enough to set myself right, and carefully drive the train of conduct; but if, in addition to this, I am to set the Bible right, and thus manage the signals along the permanent way, I am in an evil plight indeed. If the red light or the green light may deceive me, I am as well without signals, as to trust such faulty guides. We must have something fixed and certain, or where is the foundation.

Silence.—IF an enemy has said anything against your character, it will not always be worth while to answer him. Silence has both dignity and argument in it. Nine times out of ten, if a boy makes a blot in

his copy-book and borrows a knife to take it out, he makes the mess ten times worse; and as in your case there is no blot after all, you need not make one by attempting to remove what is not there. All the dirt that falls upon a good man will brush off when it is dry; but let him wait till it is dry, and not dirty his hands with wet mud.

Silence—wisdom of.—I THINK I remember reading of George Fox sitting down, with a crowd of people round him, for a long time, and never saying a word. They were all watching and waiting; and if it had been myself, I should have stood up full soon, and have said something like a fool. But he was a wise man, and he sat still. It takes a very wise man to hold his tongue so long. George Fox kept silence that he might famish the people from words.

Sin a troubler.—SIN is not only fault but folly. It will be to your own injury as well as to my displeasure. Dear child of God, are you out in the storm just now? Have you no rest? Let me whisper in your ear. Is there not a cause? Somebody upon your vessel has brought this storm upon you. Where is he? He is not among the regular sailors who work the ship; he is neither captain nor mate; but he is a stranger. Down under the hatches is a man named Jonah; is he the cause of the tempest? "No," you say, "for he is a good fellow, and paid his fare." This makes one feel all the more suspicious. He is the cause of the mischief. You will never get peace,

until the Jonah of sin is overboard. Cast him into the sea, and it will be calm unto you.

Sin coming home.—I HEARD the other day of one, in India, who was thought to be dead, and the Parsee method you know is not to bury their dead, they leave them naked in the "Towers of Silence," where there are vultures always waiting; and within three or four hours after, there is no flesh on the bones. One poor man who was only in a swoon, but was thought dead, was laid there: the vultures came, and one or two tore his flesh so terribly, that he started up as from a dreadful dream. There were the vultures coming to devour him while he was yet alive, and, defending himself as best he could, he managed to escape. What a plight to be in, lying in the place of the dead, surrounded by the cruel beaks of those ravenous birds! But in a far more awful position is a sinner when his sins come home to him. Only the Lord can drive those vultures away, and restore him to life and safety.

Sinful delay.—To refuse to do right is a great evil, but to continue in that refusal till conscience grows numb upon the matter is still worse. I remember a person coming to be baptized who said he had been a believer in the Lord Jesus for forty years, and that he had always seen the ordinance to be Scriptural. I felt grieved that he had been so long disobedient to a known duty, and I proposed to him that he should be baptized at once. It was in a village, and he said

that there were no conveniences. I offered to go with him to the brook, and baptize him, but he said "No, he that believeth shall not make haste." Here was one who had wilfully disobeyed his Lord, for as many years as the Israelites were in the wilderness, upon a matter so easy of performance; and yet, after confessing his fault, he was not willing to mend it, but perverted a passage of Scripture to excuse him in further delay.

Singing in fine weather.—SING in fine weather! Any bird can do that. Praising God when all goes well is commonplace work. Everybody marks the nightingale above all other birds because she singeth when the other minstrels of the wood are silent and asleep; and thus doth faith praise God under the cloud. Songs in the day are from man, but God Himself giveth songs in the night. O come let us sing unto the Lord under the cloud; let us pour forth His praises in the fires! Let us praise Him under depressions, let us magnify Him when our heart is heavy.

Sin, its complete removal.—WHEN Dr. Neale, the eminent Ritualist, took John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and Romanized it, he represented the pilgrim as coming to a certain bath, into which he was plunged and washed, and then his burden was washed away. According to this doctored edition of the allegory, Christian was washed in the laver of baptism, and all his sins were thus removed. That is the High

Church mode of getting rid of sin: John Bunyan's way, and the true way, is to lose it at the cross. Now, mark what happened. According to Dr. Neale's "Pilgrim's Progress," that burden grew again on the pilgrim's back, and I do not wonder that it did; for a burden which baptism can remove is sure to come again, but the burden which is lost at the cross never appears again forever.

Sin shows up God's love.—THE black background of sin makes the bright line of love shine out more clearly. When the lightning writes the name of the Lord with flaming finger across the black brow of the tempest, we are compelled to see it; so when love inscribes the cross upon the jet tablet of our sin, even blind eyes must see that "herein is love."

Sins forgiven.—A STORY is told of a soldier who was much distressed by his heavy debts. He was in despair, for he owed a great deal of money, and could not tell where to get it. He took a piece of paper, and made a list of his debts, and wrote underneath, "Who will pay these debts?" The emperor of Russia passed by, and taking up the paper read it, and being in a gracious mood signed it at the bottom, "Nicholas." Was not that a splendid answer to the question? When the soldier woke up and read it, he could scarcely believe his own eyes. "Who will pay these debts?" was the despairing question. "Nicholas"! was the all-sufficient answer. So are we answered:

"Who will bear our sins?" The grand reply is "Jesus"!

Sin's slavery.—If you had a bird here—say, a canary—and it was all free except one leg, it would not be a free bird then. "It is only held by a single bit of cotton," you say. Still the bird is not at liberty: it cannot fly as it pleases. As long as a man is held a captive by a single vice, no matter how small it is, he is still in bondage to iniquity. If any one sin binds him, masters him, he is not the Lord's free man. He is still a slave in the worst form of slavery: he is under the dominion of evil.

Smooth places slippery.—It would not be wise to pray that we may be altogether delivered from trial, though we should like to be. It would be a pleasant thing to have a grassy path all the way to heaven, and never to find a stone in the road; but though pleasant, it might not be safe. If the way were a fine turf, cut every morning with a lawn mower and made as soft as velvet, I am afraid we should never get to heaven at all, for we should linger too long on the road. Some animals' feet are not adapted for smooth places; and brethren, you and I are of a very slippery-footed race. We slip when the roads are smooth: it is easy to go down hill, but it is not easy to do so without a stumble.

Sorrow—a quarrel with God.—You remember the Quaker saying to the lady who was wearing very deep

double mourning years after one of her children had died, "Madam, hast thou not forgiven God yet?" And there is a truth about that remark; some do not forgive God for what He has done. Their sorrow amounts to this—that they have a quarrel with God over His dispensations.

Sorrow sinks us low.—THE nautilus, when disturbed, folds up its sails and sinks into the depths, and even so in every hour of storm, we descend into the depths of divine love.

Sorrow soothed.—YOU had a little medicine to give your boy the other night, and it had a bad flavor, but you mixed it with some sweet confection and he never tasted the bitter? Thus the pangs of separation will be mixed up with the sweetness of seeing Christ, so that you will not mourn.

Souls—care for.—A VESSEL the other day was crossing the Atlantic, and it fell in with that disabled emigrant ship, the *Denmark*. Suppose the captain had kept on his course? He might have looked another way, and resolved not to be detained. He might have argued, "I am bound to do the best for my owners. It will hinder me greatly if I go pottering about after this vessel. I had better go by and not see it; or make haste to port and send out help." It could have been done and nobody would have been the wiser; for the ship would have gone down soon. The captain of that vessel was a man of nobler breed. He

did not hide himself, nor turn the blind eye towards the vessel in distress. But what did the captain do? All honor to him, he came near, and took the ship in tow. This was not all: he found that she could not keep afloat, and he resolved to take those hundreds of emigrants on board his own ship. But he could not carry them and his cargo too. What then? The decision was greatly to his honor. Overboard goes the cargo, God's blessing rests on the man; into the sea went the freight, and the passengers were taken on board, and carried to the nearest port. He could have easily hid himself, could he not? So could you, you Christian people, as you call yourselves. Can you go through this world and always have a blind eye to the case of lost sinners?

Soul-winning.—I KNEW one who used to have a man calling upon him in the way of business, and bringing certain articles which he bought across the counter. This tradesman said one day to himself, "I have dealt with that man for nine or ten years, and we have scarcely passed the time of day. He has brought in his work, and I have paid him across the counter, but I have never tried to do him any good. Surely this cannot be right. Providence has put him in my way, and I ought at least to have asked him whether he is saved in Christ." Well, the next time the man came, our good brother's spirit failed him, and he did not like to begin a religious conversation. The man never came again, but a boy brought in the

next lot of goods. "How is this?" said the shopkeeper. "Father is dead," said the boy. My friend, the shopkeeper, said to me, "I could never forgive myself. I could not stay in the shop that day. I felt that I was guilty of that man's blood; but I had not thought of it before. How can I ever clear myself from the guilty fact that, when I did think of it, my ungracious timidity prevented me from opening my mouth?" My own dear friends and comrades, do not bring upon yourselves such cutting regrets! Avoid them by daily watching to save men from the second death.

Soul-winning.—When a sportsman goes out after game, he does not know which way he will go, neither does he bind himself in that matter. If he is deer-stalking he may have to go up the mountain side, or down the glen, across the burn, or away among the heather. Where his sport leads him, he follows; and so it is with the genuine soul-winner: he leaves himself free to follow his one object. He does not know where he is going, but he does know what he is going after. He lays himself out for the winning of souls for Jesus. On the railway he speaks to anyone who happens to be put in the same carriage; or in the shop he looks out for opportunities to impress a customer. He sows beside all waters, and in all soils. He carries his gun at half-cock, ready to take aim at once. That is the man whom God is likely to bless.

Speaking evil of Christ.—I generally find, when a

man speaks against the Lord Jesus, that if you follow him home, he would rather not have you go indoors, for fear his inner life should be known. He does not want you to see the skeleton in the cupboard. I have so often met with this fact in actual life, that when I have heard a man speak bitterly of my Master, I have formed my opinion, and have not been wrong. A little inquiry has revealed so much that I have said, "It is not at all surprising that such a man should speak evil of Christ. It is as natural to such a man to talk against Christ as for a dog to bark." When a bad fellow once praised Socrates, that philosopher said, "I wonder what I can have been doing amiss, that such a man should speak well of me?" If lustful lips praised the Savior, one might begin to be afraid; but when they denounce and deride Him, we feel that it is the only homage which vice can pay to purity.

Spiritual change.—THE change that we have seen in some men has been as complete as that which could have been wrought by that fabled mill, into which, the legend says, they put old men, and turned the handle, and turned them out young men again. Truly, a far greater renovation is wrought in mind and heart, where Jesus comes. Men are "blessed in Him."

Spiritual life.—As certain insects take their color from the leaves they feed upon, so have we become tinctured to the core of our nature with the living

and incorruptible Word, which has proved its own inspiration by inspiring us with its spirit. Now we live in the Word as the fish in the stream; it is the element of our spiritual life.

Spiritual life.—FREQUENT those hills of holiness where the atmosphere is bracing for your new-born spirit. I notice how people who are sickly will quit their homes and journey far for health. Not only will they sojourn upon the sunny shore of the Mediterranean, but they will encounter the pitiless cold of the Alps in mid-winter at St. Maritz or Davoust in the hope of restoration. If physicians would only guarantee prolongation of life, men would emigrate to inhospitable Siberia or banish themselves to Greenland's icy mountains. Men will do anything for life. Shall we not be eager to do all that we can to foster our spiritual life? Christian people, do nothing that will damage you heaven-born lives. Act in this according to the highest prudence.

Spiritual life neglected.—THE other day we read in the newspapers of two persons in America being found dead from "starvation and cold," and we also read that each of these persons was possessed of a considerable sum of money. We say, "What fools!" Men with sums of money about their persons, or hidden away in their rooms, and yet suffering the ills of want till they actually die of hunger—what madness is this! Are those more sane who injure and dwarf

their spiritual life for the sake of intellectual pride, or carnal joy, or the esteem of men? Is not the spirit infinitely more precious than the body? Brethren, if we starve at all, let us starve our bodies, and not our spirits. If anything must be stunted, let it be the baser nature. Let us not live eagerly for this world, and languidly for the world to come. Having the Divine life within us, let us not neglect to feed it and supply its wants.

Spiritually in tune.—BEFORE our friend who leads us in singing begins, we sometimes hear his tuning-fork. He is getting the keynote into his ear. When he comes forward, he often sounds that tuning-fork, before he begins to sing. That is what David does in this wonderful psalm. He sounds the tuning-fork with this clear note, "Bless the Lord, O my soul." It is well for all to be ready to sing harmoniously: it is a pity when those who gather to worship do not know what they are at. I wish I could always have you spiritually in tune, and keep in tune myself. Alas! I fear we are often half a note too flat. The words before us are the keynote of this psalm, and all the music is set to it, and closes with it. Notice that the psalm begins, "Bless the Lord, O my soul," as if to show that praise is the Alpha and Omega of a Christian life. Praise is the life of life. So we begin; so we continue, so shall we end, world without end.

Stand fast.—THERE was a ship some time ago out-

side a certain harbor. A heavy sea made the ship roll fearfully. A dense fog blotted out all buoys and lights. The captain had never left the wheel. He could not tell his way into the harbor, and no pilot could get out to him for a long time. Eager passengers urged him to be courageous and make a dash for the harbor. He said, "No; it is not my duty to run so great a risk. A pilot is required here, and I will wait for one if I wait a week." The truest courage is that which can bear to be charged with cowardice. To wait is much wiser when you cannot hear the fog-horn and have no pilot, than to steam on and wreck your vessel on the rocks. Our prudent captain waited his time, and at last he espied the pilot's boat coming to him over the boiling sea. When the pilot was at his work the captain's anxious waiting was over. The Church is like that vessel, she is pitched to and fro in the storm and the dark, and the Pilot has not yet come. The weather is very threatening. All around the darkness hangs like a pall. But Jesus will come, walking on the water, before long; He will bring us safe to the desired haven. Let us wait with patience. Stand fast! Stand fast! for Jesus is coming, and in Him is our sure hope.

Starving souls.—THE experiment of the Frenchman who had just brought his horse to live on a straw a day when it died, is being repeated among us, faith being literally starved to death. What low diet do

some men prescribe for their souls. Marrow and fatness they do not even smell at!

Steadfastness.—In the old Roman days, when a sentry was placed in his position by a centurion, he never thought of quitting his post. Rocks might roam, but not sentinels of the Empire. There was found in Pompeii among the ashes, a sentry standing in his place, with the javelin in his hand; he had not flinched amid the deadly shower which fell from the volcano and buried the city. His centurion, in the name of the Emperor, had set him there, and there he stood. How steadfast and immovable ought these to be, whom the Lord Himself has set in their place in connection with His Church.

"Stick to your last."—The proverb says, "Stick to your last, cobbler" and I would say, "Stick to your pulpit, minister." Stick to your work, and you will find quite enough for all the strength you have, and even more. Oh, for preachers who "shall never hold their peace"!

Storms in life.—Remember, there are days in every life-voyage in which the storm-fiend puts all human power to a non-plus. Even in the fairest weather, we are all too apt to run on rocks or quicksands: but the voyage of life is seldom altogether a pleasant one, and we must be prepared for tempests. Our own unaided strength will not endure the waves and the winds of the ocean of life; and if you are trusting to yourself, disaster will befall you.

Strength in touching God.— We are to be like that fabled giant whom Hercules could not overcome for a long while, because he was a child of the earth, and every time he was thrown down he touched his mother earth, and rose with fresh strength. Hercules had to hold him aloft in his arms and then strangle him. Now, whenever you are thrown down and touch God in your faintness and weakness, you will find that He restoreth your soul. "To them that have no might He increaseth their strength."

Striking testimony.—One of our evangelists writes me, that when he was praying with an inquirer, and trying to lead him to Jesus, he was much helped by a working man coming in, and kneeling down by their side, and saying, "Lord Jesus, save this poor soul, even as thou didst save me at two o'clock this morning." Somehow that two o'clock helped the inquirer mightily; it put such a reality into the transaction. He thought, "This man knows he was saved at two o'clock in the morning; why should I not be saved now at eight o'clock in the evening?" I do not say that we can all tell the date of our conversion, many of us cannot. But if we can throw in such details let us do so, for they help to make our testimony striking.

Subservience—dishonorable.—It was the custom with certain Oriental despots to require ambassadors of foreign powers to lie in the dust before them. Some

Europeans, for the sake of trade interests, submitted to the degrading ceremony; but when it was demanded of the representative of England, he scorned thus to lower his country. God forbid that he who speaks for God should dishonor the King of kings by a pliant subservience.

Success of simple gospel.—TELL out the simple gospel. The more you tell of pardon bought with blood the better. I saw our dear brother, Archibald G. Brown, this week, and he told me of a poor fellow in East London, who had been visited by a soul-winning brother. He had been a wild and wicked man. He was ill, and the visitor talked long with him. It seemed to make no impression, till one day he explained substitution to him, and the man asked pointedly, "If I believe in Jesus, did you tell me He took all my sins upon Himself?" "Yes, He bore all your sins in His own body on the tree." "Well, well," the man cried, "if He took them, I have not got them?" "No," said the other, "that is the glorious truth. The Lord suffered for your sins." "Then I shall not have to suffer for them?" "No," said the visitor, "your sin is put away." "Never heard that before," said the rough man. "That is the most wonderful thing I ever heard. I believe it. Blessed be God. I believe it. I am saved." Soon after his son came in, another fellow of the Bill Sykes order, and the visitor began exhorting him. The elder man cried out, "Give him that little bit, that will do it."

Just so, that little bit will do it. The visitor told the story of the Lord Jesus dying in the sinner's stead, and the little bit did the work. Our chief business should be to cry, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

Suffering saints.—SUFFERERS are our tutors; they educate us for the skies. When men of God can suffer—when they can bear poverty, bereavement or sickness, and still rejoice in God, we learn the way to live the higher and more Christly life. When Patrick Hamilton had been burned in Scotland, one said to his persecutors, "If you are going to burn any more, you had better do it in a cellar, for the smoke of Hamilton's burning has opened the eyes of hundreds." It was always so. Suffering saints are living seed.

Suffering yet shining.—YONDER light, set up in mid ocean on the Eddystone rock, see how the storm sweeps round it, and the waters leap over it, threatening to put out its flame; but shall the light complain? Standing where it is, beaten by Atlantic rollers, and braving the full fury of the storm, it is doing more good than if it were set up in Hyde Park for my lords and ladies to look at. The persecuted saint occupies a place where he warns and enlightens, and therefore suffers.

Sun of Righteousness.—MANY of the wise men of the period ought to be treated as Diogenes treated Alexander. The conqueror of the world said to the

man in the tub, "What can I do for you?" He thought he could do everything for the poor philosopher. Diogenes only replied, "Get out of the sunlight." These wise people cannot do us a greater favor than to remove their learned selves from standing between us and the sunlight of the ever blessed gospel of the glory of Christ. These Alexanders may go on ruling the Christian world, and the infidel world, but they have not conquered us, for our faith and joy lie outside the world, in yonder Sun of Righteousness, whose light is the rejoicing of our eyes.

Sunset glories.—I WATCHED a glorious sunset, marveling at the beauty wherewith the evening skies were all ablaze, and adoring him who gave them their matchless coloring. On the next evening I resorted to the same spot, hoping to be again enraptured with the gorgeous pomp of ending day, but there were no clouds, and, therefore, no glories. True, the canopy of sapphire was there, but no magnificent array of clouds to form golden masses with edges of burning crimson, or islands of loveliest hue set in a sea of emerald; there were no great conflagrations of splendor or flaming peaks of mountains of fire. The sun was as bright as before, but for lack of dark clouds on which to pour out his lustre, his magnificence was unrevealed. A man who should live and die without trials would be like a setting sun without clouds.

Superfluities.—You have seen a rose tree which, perhaps, was bearing very few roses, and you half wondered why. It was a good rose and planted in good soil, but its flowers were scanty. You looked around it, and by-and-by you perceived that suckers were growing up from its roots. Now, these suckers come from the old original briar on which the rose had been grafted, and this rose has a superfluity of strength which is used in these suckers. These superfluities or overflows took away from the rose the life which it required, so that it could not produce the full amount of flowers which you expected from it. There must be a removal of superfluities in order that we may receive with meekness the engrafted Word, which is able to save our souls.

Supplements of good.—I incur certain little outlays in connection with my study; we need a few wafers, which may be paid for out of petty cash; but I have never spent, so far as I recollect, a single penny for string and brown paper; because as a reader and writer, I buy books, and the string and brown paper are added to me. My purchase is the books, but the string and brown paper come to me added as a matter of course. This is the idea of our text: you are to spend your strength on the high and noble purpose of glorifying God, and then the minor matters of "What shall we eat? and what shall we drink? and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" are thrown in as supplements. Earthly things are but brown paper

and string; and I pray you never think too much of them. Some people get so much of this brown paper and string that they glory in them, and expect us to fall down and worship them.

Sympathy.—I HAVE heard speak of a lady who was out in the snow one night, and was so very cold that she cried out, "O, those poor people who have such a little money, how little firing they have, and how pinched they must be! I will send a hundredweight of coals to twenty families, at the least." But I heard say that, when she reached her own parlor, there was a fine fire burning, and she sat there with her feet on the fender, and enjoyed an excellent tea, and she said to herself, "Well, it is not very cold, after all. I do not think that I shall send those coals; at any rate, not for the present." The sufferer thinks of the sufferer, even as the poor help the poor. The divine wonder is that this Lord of ours, "though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor," now takes a delight in succoring the poor. Having been tempted, He helps the tempted: His own trials make Him desire to bless those who are tried.

Sympathy.—IT is greatly comforting to have a person with you who feels just as you feel; who, when you are very stupid, seems to be stupid too; who frets as you fret, and groans in your groanings. "Mother," said a little girl once, "I cannot make it out; Mrs. Smith says I do her so much good. Poor Mrs. Smith has lost her husband, mother, and she is very sad.

She sits and cries, and I get up and lay my cheek on her cheek, and I cry and say that I love her, and then she says that she loves me and that I comfort her.' Just so, that is the truest form of consolation, is it not? "Weep with them that weep." That is how God, my God, will hear me, feeling with me, sympathizing with me.

Sympathy.—THERE is a legend connected with Rufus and Alexander. I have never read it, but I have seen it set forth in glowing colors by an artist, in a cathedral in Belgium. I saw a series of paintings which represented Christ bearing His cross through the streets of Jerusalem, and among the crowd the artist has placed a countryman looking on, and carrying with him his mattock and spade, as if he had just come into the town from laboring in the fields. In the next picture this countryman is evidently moved to tears by seeing the cruelties practiced upon the Redeemer, and he shows his sympathy so plainly, that the cruel persecutors of our Lord, who are watching the spectators, observe it, and gather angrily around him. The countryman's two boys are there too, Alexander and Rufus. Rufus is the boy with the red hair; he is ardent and sanguine, bold and outspoken, and you can see that one of the rough men has just been cuffing him about the head for showing sympathy with the poor cross-bearing Savior. The next picture represents the father taken and compelled to bear the cross, while Alexander

holds his father's pick, and Rufus is carrying his father's spade, and they are going along close by the Lord Jesus, pitying Him greatly. If they cannot bear the cross, they will at least help their father by carrying the tools. Of course, it is but a legend, but who marvels if Alexander and Rufus saw their father carry Christ's cross so well, that they, too, should afterwards count it in their glory to be followers of the Crucified One, so that Paul should say when he wrote down the name of Rufus, that he was a choice man, for so we may translate the passage, "Chosen in the Lord," or, "The choice one of the Lord." He was a distinguished Christian, with great depth of Christian experience, and in all respects a fit descendant of a remarkable father and mother.

Safe walking can only come of careful walking.

Saintly souls should not be lodged in filthy bodies.

Sanctified adversity quickens our spiritual sensitiveness.

Saving faith is a life-long act.

Show religion is a vain show.

Sick saints are set to take the night watches.

Simple trust and grateful service make a link more precious than gold.

Sin in satin is as great a rebel as sin in rags.

SIN may drive you *from* Sinai; it ought to draw you *to* Calvary.

SOME saints can be lead with a hair-thread.

SOME soil wants even cross-ploughing and scarifying.

SORROW unsettles the judgment.

SOUL music is the soul of music.

STRONG faith is ever on the winning side.

STYLE the fiend an angel of light, and he is none the less a devil.

SYMPATHY in sin is conspiracy in crime.

Talents—to be used.—A TRADESMAN who is prospering seldom has much money to show; it is all wanted in his business. Sometimes he can scarcely put his hand on a five-pound note, because his cash is all absorbed: his golden grain is all sown in the field of his trade. Speaking for myself, I cannot find any room for glorying in myself; for if I have either grace or strength, I certainly have none to spare. I have barely enough for the work in hand, and not enough for the service in prospect. Our pound is not to be hung on our watch-chain, but to be traded with.

Temptations everywhere.—MEN who live in London need not go across the street to meet the devil. The very atmosphere of a great city is close and hot with the reek of sin. As flies in summer, so will temptations torment you, go where you may. Men

of business, you need not ask for temptations; they are thick in every trade; they multiply like gnats. They swarm in the factory, the counting-house, the exchange, and the shop. The Christian man in public need not sigh for temptations; they will not be ashamed to solicit him in the open streets. This age tests the backbone of every Christian. A man need be a man at such an hour as this. We must not be dwarfs nor spiritual consumptives now. We have come into the very thick of the fight, and woe to that man who cannot endure temptation; but blessed is the man who can bear it even to the end.

Testimony—Personal.—I AM sure I felt quite taken aback the other day when a flyman said to me, "You believe that the Lord directs the way of His people, don't you, sir?" I said, "That I do. Do you know anything about it?" "Why," he said, "yes. This morning I was praying the Lord to direct my way, and you engaged me: and I felt that it was a good beginning for the day." We began talking about the things of God directly. That flyman ought not to have been the first to speak: as a minister of the gospel, I ought to have had the first word. We have much to blame ourselves for in this respect. We hold our tongues because we do not know how a word might be received; but we might as well make the experiment. No harm could come of trying. Suppose you were to go into a place where persons were sick and dying, and you had medicine about

you which would heal them; would you not be anxious to give them some of it? Would you say nothing about it because you could not tell how it might be received? How could you know how it would be received except by making the offer? Tell poor souls about Jesus. Tell them how His grace healed *you*, and perhaps they will answer, "You are the very person I need; you have brought me the news I have longed to hear."

Testing.—We all need testing, do we not? Would you like to cross a railway bridge if it was reported to you that it had never been tested by a train? When the first exhibition was built, I remember how they marched troops along the galleries to test them. Do you not desire to have your hope for eternity tested? The Lord draws near to us in ways which inspire our fears, because He would test us. What is the result of the test? Do you not feel your own weakness? Does not this drive you to the strong for strength? You feel your own sinfulness; and you fly to the Lord Jesus for righteousness. Testing has a practically good effect in slaying self-confidence, and driving you to put your confidence where God would have it rest.

The infinite unattainable.—I am like the child which said to its mother, "Mother, I will bring the sea to thee," and the little one went down to the shore and filled its little palm with water, but before it reached its mother it had spilt ten times as much as it had carried, and if it had carried all it had taken

up, it would only have brought a few drops, and left behind it the great and wide sea altogether undeminished.

The law a looking-glass.—THE law is also very useful, because it shows us our defections and stains. It is like the looking-glass which my lady holds up to her face, that she may see if there be any spot on it. But she cannot wash her face with the looking-glass. When the mirror has done its utmost, then there are the same stains. It cannot take away a single spot, it can only show where one is. And the law, though it reveals our sin, our shortcomings, our transgressions, it cannot remove the sin or the transgression. It is weak for that purpose, because it was never intended to accomplish such an end.

The Lord—A sight of.—THAT holy man, Mr. Walsh, when the Lord revealed Himself to him, was obliged to cry, "Hold, Lord! remember I am but an earthen vessel; and if I have more of this delight I must die." One said he would like to die of that disease, and I am very much of his mind. They say, "See Naples and die"; but to improve on it, another said, "See Naples and live"; and truly this is the better sight of the two. I would fain see my Lord so as to live to His praise. Oh, for such a vision as should shape my life, my thought, my whole being, till I became like my Lord!

The Lord a wall of fire.—A CHRISTIAN lady not

long ago dreamed a dream which was not a dream, but fact. She saw herself as surrounded with God; encircled above, beneath, and all around, as with a blaze of light: Brilliance inconceivable made a pavilion for her; and while she stood in the midst of the glory she saw all her cares, and her troubles, and her temptations, and her sins, wandering about the outside of the wall of light, unable to reach her. Unless that light itself should open and make a way for them she was serenely secure, although she could see the perils which else would destroy her. Is not the Lord a wall of fire round about us, and the glory in the midst?

The poor can become peers of heaven.—YONDER poor girl lies in a garret, where the stars look between the tiles, and the moon gleams on the ragged hangings of the pallet where she bravely suffers, and without a murmur, gradually dissolves unto death. However obscure and unknown she may be, she has been kept from the great transgression; tempted sorely she has yet held fast her purity and integrity; her prayers, unheard by others, have gone up before the Lord, and she dies in the Lord, saved through Jesus Christ. None will preach her funeral sermon, but she shall not miss that voice from heaven saying, "Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

The Word a key.—NEVER was there a lack of soul-

trouble yet but what there was a key to open it in the Word of God. For our pain, here is an anodyne; for our darkness, a lamp; for our loneliness, a friend. It is like the Garden of Eden: a double river of peace glideth through it.

Trouble—God thanked for.—I WAS reading to-day of old Mr. Dodd, who is a person the Puritans are always quoting—a man who did not write books, but he seems to have said things with which other people made their books attractive. This old Mr. Dodd, it is said, had a great trouble, a bodily complaint I will not mention, but it is one of the most painful a man can suffer from; and when he was told that this had come upon him, and that it was incurable, the old man shed a few natural tears at the great and excruciating pain; but at last he said, "This is evidently from God, and God never sent me anything but it was for my good, therefore let us kneel down together, and thank God for this." It was well said of the old man, and it was well done of him that he thanked God most heartily. Oh yes, let us kneel down together, and thank God for our trouble!

Troubles.—A SCOTCH saint said that when they met in the moss, or by the hill-side, and were harried by Claverhouse and his dragoons, Christ was present at the sacraments in the heather much more than He ever was afterwards when they got into the kirk, and sat down quietly. Our worst days are

often our best days, and in the dark we see stars that we never saw in the light. So we will not care a pin what it is that may befall us here, so long as God is with us, and our faith in Him is genuine. Christian people, I am not going to condole with you, but I congratulute you upon your troubles, for the cross of Christ is precious.

Troubles met one by one.—TAKE life and death just as they come, bit by bit. You know how the Spartans endeavored to keep back the Persians. They took possession of the pass of Thermopylæ, and there the brave two hundred stood and held the way against myriads. The enemy could only advance one by one. Now, do not think of all the armies of your troubles that are coming in the future, but meet them one by one. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Troubles—our glory.—THERE is no glory in being a feather-bed soldier, a man bedecked with gorgeous regimentals, but never beautified by a scar, or ennobled by a wound. All that you ever hear of such a soldier is that his spurs jingle on the pavement as he walks. There is no history for this carpet knight. He is just a dandy. He never smelt gunpowder in his life; or if he did, he fetched out a smelling bottle, to kill the offensive odor. Well, that will not make much show in the story of nations. If we could have our choice, and we were as wise as the Lord

Himself, we should choose the troubles He has appointed us, and we should not spare ourselves a single pang.

Trust—child-like.—A BLIND child was in his father's arms, and a stranger came into the room and took him right away from his father. Yet he did not cry or complain. His father said unto him, "Johnny are you afraid? You do not know the person who has got hold of you." "No, father," he said, "I do not know who he is, but you do."

Trust—false.—I HAVE heard of one who, on his death-bed, laid bags of money to his heart, but he was forced to put them away and cry, "These will not do! these will not do!" It will be a sorry business if we have been trusting in our temper, our charity, our patriotism, our courage, or our honesty; and when we come to die, we shall be made to feel that these cannot satisfy the claims of divine justice, or give us a passport to the skies.

Trust in a living Savior.—SOME years ago, someone wishing to mock our holy faith, brought out a hand-bill, which was plastered everywhere—"Can you trust in a dead man?" Our answer would have been, "No, nobody can trust in a man who is dead!" But it was known by those who printed the bill that they were misrepresenting our faith. Jesus is no longer dead. He rose again the third day. We have sure and infallible proofs of it. It is an historical fact, better proved than almost any other, which is com-

monly received as historical, that He did really rise again from the grave. He arose no more to die. He has gone out of the land of tears and death. He has gone to the region of immortality. He sits at the right hand of God, even the Father, and He reigns there forever. We love Him who died, but we rejoice that He who died is not dead, but ever liveth to make intercession for us.

Trust in Providence.—I WAS going through these streets one day, driven by a friend in a four-wheeled chase, and he, being a good driver, must needs drive into narrow places, where it seemed to me we must be crushed by the vans and omnibuses. I shrank back, in my timidity, and expressed my unwise alarms so freely, that he with a smile laid the reins in my hand and said, "If you cannot trust me, would you like to drive yourself?" From that ambition I was wholly free, and I assured him that he might drive as he liked, rather than make me the charioteer. Surely the great God might well put the same proposal to those who are complaining of His providence. If we cannot trust *Him*, could we manage better ourselves?

Trust—Simple.—I ONCE lived where my neighbor's garden was only divided from mine by a very imperfect hedge. He kept a dog, and his dog was a shockingly bad gardener, and did not improve my beds. So one evening, while I walked alone, I saw this dog

doing mischief, and being a long way off I threw a stick at him, with some earnest advice as to his going home. The dog, instead of going home, picked up my stick and came to me with it in his mouth, wagging his tail. He dropped the stick at my feet, and looked up to me most kindly. What could I do but pat him and call him a good dog, and regret that I had ever spoken roughly to him? Why, it brings tears into my eyes as I talk about it! The dog mastered me by his trust in me. The illustration is to the point. If thou wilt trust God as the dog trusted me, thou wilt overcome. God will be held by thy trust in such a way that He could not smite thee, but must accept thee for Jesus' sake. If thou dost trust Him, thou hast the key of His heart, the key of His house, the key of His heaven. If thou canst trust thy God in Jesus Christ, thou hast become a son of God. I see a philosophy in the choice of faith.

Truth.—THAT you have not perceived spiritual things is true; but it is no proof that there are none to perceive. The whole case is like that of the Irishman who tried to upset evidence by non-evidence. Four witnesses saw him commit a murder. He pleaded that he was not guilty, and wished to establish his innocence by producing forty persons who did not see him do it. Of what use would that have been? So, if forty people declare that there is no power of the Holy Ghost going with the Word, this only proves that the forty people do not know what

others do know. If there are four of us who do know it—well, we shall not cease our witness. We receive God's Word as the word of God, because it comes to us with that power which effectually worketh in them that believe.

Truth Divinely applied.—BEFORE I came to London, a man met me one Sunday in a dreadful state of rage. He vowed he would horsewhip me for bullying him from the pulpit. "What have I said?" I asked. "What have you said? You looked me in the face, and said, 'What more can God do for you? Shall He give you a good wife? You have had one: you have killed her by bad treatment: you have just got another, and you are likely to do the same by her.'" "Well," I said, "did you kill your first wife by your bad treatment?" "They say so; but I was married on Saturday," said he; "did you not know it?" "No, I did not, I assure you," I replied. The cap fitted him.

Truth—Fidelity to the.—As the Roman sentinel in Pompeii stood to his post even when the city was destroyed, so do I stand to the truth of the atonement though the Church is being buried beneath the boiling mud-showers of modern heresy. Everything else can wait, but this one truth must be proclaimed with a voice of thunder. Others may preach as they will, but as for this pulpit, it shall always resound with the substitution of Christ. "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus

Christ." Some may continually preach Christ as an example, and others may perpetually discourse upon His coming to glory: we also preach both of these, but mainly we preach Christ *crucified*, to the Jews a stumbling block, and to the Greeks foolishness; but to them that are saved Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God.

Truth—spread of the.—Dr. Valpy, the author of a great many class-books, wrote the following simple lines as his confession of faith:—

"In peace let me resign my breath,
And Thy salvation see;
My sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died for me."

Valpy is dead and gone; but he gave those lines to dear old Dr. Marsh, the Rector of Beckenham, who put them over his study mantel-shelf. The Earl of Roden came in, and read them. "Will you give me a copy of those lines?" said the good earl. "I shall be glad," said Dr. Marsh, and he copied them. Lord Roden took them home, and put them over *his* mantel-shelf. General Taylor, a Waterloo hero, came into the room and noticed them. He read them over and over again, while staying with Earl Roden, till his lordship remarked, "I say, friend Taylor, I should think you know those lines by heart." He answered, "I do know them by heart; indeed, my very heart has grasped their meaning." He was brought to Christ by that humble rhyme. General Taylor handed those

lines to an officer in the army, who was going out to the Crimean War. He came home to die; and when Dr. Marsh went to see him, the poor soul in his weakness said, "Good sir, do you know this verse which General Taylor gave to me. It brought me to my Savior, and I die in peace." To Dr. Marsh's surprise, he repeated the lines:—

"In peace let me resign my breath,
And Thy salvation see;
My sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died for me."

Only think of the good which four simple lines may do. Be encouraged all of you who know the healing power of the wounds of Jesus. Spread this truth by all means.

Truth—strong.—When Mohammed commenced his enterprise he announced that Paradise was to be found beneath the shadow of swords, and numbers of brave men rushed to the battle; they swept everything before them, and stained continents with blood: they carried the name of Allah and Mohammed over Asia and Northern Africa, and seemed intent on conquering Europe: and yet the work done will not endure. The prophet and his caliphs did indeed strive, and cry, and cause their voices to be heard in the street: but Christ's system is the very reverse of that: His weapons are not carnal. Behold His battle-axe and weapons of war! Truth divinely strong, with no human force at the back of it but that of holiness and

love, a gospel full of gentleness and mercy to men, proclaimed not by the silver trumpets of kings, but by the plain voices of lowly men.

Truth—very personal.—THERE went a man out of this place one evening who was spoken to by one of our friends, who happened to know him in trade, and held him in good repute. "What! have you been to hear our minister to-night?" The good man answered, "Yes, I am sorry to say I have." "But," said our friend, "why are you sorry?" "Why," he said, "he has turned me inside out, and spoiled my idea of myself. When I went into the Tabernacle I thought I was the best man in Newington, but now I feel that my righteousness is worthless." "Oh," said the friend, "that is all right; you will come again, I am sure. The Word has come home to you, and shown you the truth: you will get comfort soon." That friend did come again, and he is here to-night: he takes pleasure in that very truth which turned him inside out; and he comes on purpose that the Word of the Lord may search him, and try him, and be to him as a refiner's fire.

TAKE Christ to be the sole Savior of your soul.

TAKE no rest from prayer, and give Him no rest.

TEMPORAL things are as the mirage in the desert.

THE accent of conviction is indispensable if you would convince.

THE approbation of God is more than the admiration of nations.

THE arrows of calamity are aimed at your sins.

THE believer has abiding arguments for abiding consolation.

THE Bible in the memory is better than the Bible in the bookcase.

THE Bible is the treasury of heavenly knowledge, the cyclopedia of divine science.

THE Bible is, to many a man, God's unopened letter.

THE blank of nothingness stood not in God's way when He came to create.

THE Constable of the Tower of London stands in relationship to it, and is concerned for its preservation. Now the Lord is not only the keeper and guarantor of my mercy, but the God of it.

THE Cross is the last argument of God.

THE cure for vain glory is true glory.

THE devil's bread is all bran.

THE divine blesses the human, or the human could not bless the divine.

THE door of repentance opens into the halls of joy.

THE doorstep of the palace of wisdom is a humble sense of ignorance.

THE good Bible student has lips like a springing well.

THE great loaves of wisdom must be broken and crumbed into a basin of milk for the children.

THE high road of truth to the heart runs through the ear.

THE "ipse dixit" of the Son of God suffices us.

THE lance with which we reach the hearts of men is that same lance which pierced the Savior's heart.

THE line of truth is narrow as a razor's edge.

THE little things of God are more precious than the great things of man.

THE Lord gives unlimited credit at the Bank of Faith.

THE Lord is never voiceless except to the earless soul.

THE Lord loves adverbs as much as adjectives.

THE Lord loves to use tools which are not rusted with self-conceit.

THE mercy-seat is no place for the exhibition of your abilities.

THE novelties of "modern thought" are a Dead Sea, but our gospel is an ocean of living water.

THE path to Heaven lies by the dens of the leopards, and the haunts of the young lions.

THE privileges of the gospel are the stumbling blocks of legalists.

THE rankness of sin destroys the sweet odors of this world.

THE real eloquence of prayer is a believing desire.

THE safest truth is the simplest.

THE simple gospel which saves sinners also feeds saints.

THE star of to-day will be the sun of to-morrow.

THE thing we glory in, though it be a dear child, may turn out to be a scourge for our backs, a Cain and not a consolation.

THE treasury of heaven lies open to faith.

THERE is a November of fogs in the year of most men.

THERE is music without words: and there is prayer without words.

THERE is no hewing stones without hard blows.

THERE is no monotony in real joy.

THERE is no sin-killer like the Word of God.

THERE is something to be made out of a man who has enough stuff in him to be opposed to the gospel. A good sword will make a good plough-share. Out of persecutors God can make apostles.

THINK well of Him who thinks so graciously of you.

To do right is better than to prosper.

TRUE religion is no new thing.

TRUST in the precious blood, that is the great sin-killer.

United faith—questionable faith.—WE cannot say we are blessed till our graces have been tried and proved; but when they have been tried and proved, and we have endured the test in God's great proof-house, then we are blessed—not till then. Here is a man who has received a file of what look to be bank notes, and he thinks he is very rich. Have you tried to pass one of them? Have you taken one of them to a bank? No, poor fool! He does not wish to have his fine fortune tried; he is angry when you suggest a doubt, and yet his wealth is mere fiction; those bank notes are bank notes of the Bank of Elegance; and if he were to attempt to pass them, he might rather be suspected to be a thief, than be judged to be a rich man. Much faith in this world is no better than that; and he is not blessed, but blinded, who possesses it. He is blessed who has tried his faith, who has gone to God with a promise, and received an answer to his prayer. He is blessed who has had his faith tried, who, having been put into the furnace, has by that faith in God been made to walk safely amid the flaming coals, and to come out unharmed. Untried faith is questionable faith. Is it faith at all? Was there ever in this world a believer altogether without trouble, or a grain of faith that had undergone no trial

Vessel of the Church.—The vessel of the Church can never be wrecked; she rocks and reels in the mad tempest, but she is sound from stem to stern, and her Pilot steers her with a hand omnipotently wise. Her bow is in the wave, but see she divides the sea, and shakes off the mountainous billows as a lion shakes the dew from his mane! Fiercer storms than those of the present have beat upon her, and yet she has kept her head to the wind, and in the very teeth of hell's tremendous tempests she has ploughed her glorious way: and so she will till she reaches her appointed haven.

Waiting is service.—Have you not sometimes seen the telegraph boys standing or sitting still at the post-office, when there is no message to be delivered. They are as much doing their work by waiting, as when they are delivering a message. In waiting they serve; and in like manner they most truly serve the Lord who give up all idea of self-pleasing, and go or stay as best pleases him to whom they willingly offer themselves to be His servants.

Walk of faith.—It is nothing for a man to walk down here upon the ground, but to walk aloft upon yonder slendor thread, which the eye can scarcely see, is a feat of skill at which men gaze with admiration; and to walk on what the eye cannot see at all, or the foot feel, needs a yet higher art: such is the walk of faith.

Water-carriers for others need supplying.—I REMEMBER sitting one day in an inn at Cologne, looking out of a window upon a square. There was not much to see; what was to see I did see, as I occasionally looked up from my writing. I saw a man coming to a pump that stood in the middle of the square, and from that pump he filled a vessel. A little while after, I saw the same man again filling his buckets. All that morning I saw no one else, but only that one water loving individual, filling his buckets again and again. I thought to myself, what can he be? He is always drawing water. Then I perceived that he was a water-carrier, a bearer of water to families in the adjoining streets. Well might he often come to the fountain himself since he was supplying others. You that are water-carriers for thirsty souls must needs come often to the well yourselves, and be thankful that your Master is always willing to meet you and give you rich supplies.

Way to heaven up hill.—I SAW a good man taking it easy the other day; he was riding on a bicycle with both feet off the pedals, and with the brake in full force. I did not blame the cyclist; but one thing was quite clear—he was going down the hill. He would not have had his feet upon the rests in that fashion if he had been going upon the up-grade. Whenever you begin to put your legs up, and have no more work to do, you are going down hill, and there is no doubt about it. The way to heaven is up

hill, and every inch of the way will need effort; for "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence."

Wealth—Unknown.—We have heard of persons in Australia who walked habitually over nuggets of gold. We have heard of a bridge being built with what seemed common stone, but it contained masses of golden ore. Men did not know their wealth. Is it not a pity that you should be poor in comfort, and yet have all the gold of consolation at your feet? You have, lying within your Bible leaves, checks for millions, and yet you have scarcely a penny to spend.

Whole-heartedness.—I have seen boys bathing in a river, in the morning. One of them has just dipped his toes in the water, and he cries out as he shivers, "Oh, it's so cold!" Another has gone in up to his ankles, and he also declares it is awfully chilly. But see, another takes a header from the bank, and rises all in a glow; all his blood is circulating, and he cries "Delicious! What a fine morning; I am all in a glow. The water is splendid!" That is the boy for enjoying a bath. You, Christian people, who are paddling about in the shallow of religion, and just dipping your toes into it, you stand shivering in the cold air of the world which you are afraid to leave. Oh, that you would plunge into the river of life, how it would brace you; what tone it would give you! In for it, young man, in for it! Be a Christian out and out. Serve the Lord with your whole being. Give

yourself wholly to Him who bought you with His blood. Plunge into the sacred blood by grace, and you will exclaim:—

"Oh, this is life: oh, this is joy,
My God, to find Thee so;
Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear,
And all thy love to know."

"Why me?"—I ONCE had a dear friend, a man of God who is now in heaven, a clergyman of the Church of England; his name was Curme, and he used, with a pleasant smile, to divide his name into two syllables, and say—*Cur me*, which in the Latin signifies, "Why me?"

"Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there's room;
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

Willing surrender.—I THINK that it is with our gift of ourselves to Christ and his people, as it is with plucking a peach; if it is handled much, or pulled off the tree by a rough hand, the beautiful bloom is quickly gone from it. Christ loves to have our hearts with the bloom on them: He delights to see us willingly yielding ourselves.

Winning souls—desire for.—BE on the lookout for new ways of serving the Master. As African travellers each now seem very eager to be the first to make a treaty with certain chieftains, that their territory may be annexed to this country or that, so seek to

win new conquests for Christ, and attach people to His cause, before they are hopelessly lost to the devil.

Winning souls—wisdom needed.—A GENTLEMAN who joined this church some time ago had been an atheist for years, and in conversing with him I found that he had been educated at one of our great public schools, and to that fact he traced his infidelity. He said that the boys were stowed away on Sunday in a lofty gallery at the far end of a church, where they could scarcely hear a word that the clergyman said, but simply sat imprisoned in a place where it was dreadfully hot in summer and cold in winter. On Sundays there were prayers, and prayers, and prayers, but nothing that ever touched his heart; until he was so sick of prayers that he vowed if he once got out of the school he would haved one with religion. This is a sad result, but a frequent one. You Sunday-school teachers can make your classes so tiresome to the children that they will hate Sunday. You can fritter away the time in school without bringing the lads and lasses to Christ, and so you may do more hurt than good.

Wishes made prayers.—IT will be our wisdom to turn our kindly wishes into prayers. Wishes are lame, but prayer has legs—aye, wings with which it runs and even flies towards God. Wishes are baskets, but prayer fills them with bread. Wishes are clouds, but prayer is the rain.

Word—Power of the.—It was a pleasure to me in years past to enjoy the friendship of Mr. Brownlow North. Before conversion he was a thorough man of the world, and, I suppose, about as frivolous and dissipated as men of his station and character often are. After his conversion he began to preach the gospel with great fervor, and certain of his old companions were full of spite against him, probably considering him to be a hypocrite. One day when he was about to address a large congregation, a stranger passed him a letter, saying, "Read that before you preach." This letter contained a statement of certain irregularities of conduct committed by Brownlow North, and it ended with words to this effect, "How dare you, being conscious of the truth of all the above, pray and speak to the people this evening, when you are such a vile sinner?" The preacher put the letter into his pocket, entered the pulpit, and after prayer and praise, commenced his address to a very crowded congregation; but before speaking on his text, he produced the letter, and informed the people of its contents, and then added, "All that is here said is true, and it is a correct picture of the degraded sinner that I once was; and oh! how wonderful must the grace be that could quicken and raise me up from such a death in trespasses and sins, and make me what I appear before you to-night, a vessel of mercy, one who knows that all his past sins have been cleansed away through the atoning blood of the

Lamb of God! It is of his redeeming love that I have now to tell you, and to entreat any here who are not yet reconciled to God, to come this night in faith to Jesus, that He may take their sins away and heal them." Thus instead of closing the preacher's mouth by this letter, the enemy's attempt only opened the hearts of the people, and the Word was with power.

Work, man's, so inferior to God's.—BRING me a needle. This is a highly polished needle. What an instance of human skill to make so small an implement so bright and smooth. Bring me that microscope. I have just now put the wing of a butterfly under it. That is God's work, and as I enlarge it, I discover no imperfection but more and more of marvellous beauty. That butterfly's wing under the microscope becomes wonderful, and I worship God as I gaze upon His handiwork. Take the butterfly away now and put your needle in its place. Why this is a rough bar of iron, which has never been smoothed or polished. This is wretched workmanship. It does not seem fitted for delicate work. Such is man's manufacture, the best of it. When God puts your prayers and my sermons under His microscopic eye they are not at all what we thought they were, but quite the reverse.

Workmen—joyful.—GET a man at work at a statue—an artist whose whole soul is in his chisel, who knows that there is a bright spirit within that block

of marble, and who means to chip off all that hides the lovely image from his sight. See how he works! No man does a thing well who does it sorrowfully. The best work that can be done, is done by the happy, joyful workman; and so it is with Christ. He does not save souls of necessity, as though He would rather do something else if He might, but His very heart is in it, He rejoices to do it, and therefore He does it thoroughly, and He communicates His joy to us in the doing of it.

Worldlings—their ambitions.—It is a country scene, and it passed under my own eye but a few hours ago. I sat by the rivulet, at a point where abundant springs poured forth new streams. It was a brook, wide but shallow, and the pure water glided along refreshingly under the overhanging boughs. Little children were there wading into the stream and enjoying its cool waters. One of them was a true representative of your wealthy merchants. He went a fishing with a bright green glass bottle, and his ventures were successful. Again and again I heard his voice ring out most joyously and impressively, "Look! Look! Here! Here! Such a big'un I have caught such a big 'un!" It was by no means a whale which he had taken, but a fish which might be half an inch long. How he exulted! "Such a big 'un!" To him the affairs of nations were as nothing compared with the great spoil which he had taken. That is the gentleman upon the exchange, who has made that successful speculation.

For the next few days he will astonish everybody as they hear that it was "such a big 'un!" Earth, and heaven, and hell, time and eternity, may all accept the go-by now that the glass bottle contains its prey. I confess I was not carried away with admiration for the child's fortune, neither did I envy him the fulness of his satisfaction.

His brother, not far off, varied my picture for me: he was less richly endowed, and yet he had a very serviceable tin can, with which he fished most diligently. Soon I heard his voice pitched in another key: "Nasty little things! They won't come here! I can't catch 'em! They are good for nothing! I won't try any more." Then the impetuous genius threw his tin can with a splash into the water, and his enterprise was ended. That is the gentleman whose company has been wound up, or whose goods will not command the market. Things will not come his way. He cannot get on. He has made a failure of it, and is in the *Gazette*. All society is out of order, or he would have been sure to succeed. He is sick of it all for the present. You smile at my boys! O worldlings, these are yourselves! You are those children, and your ambitions are stickle-backs.

"O happy man that lives on high,
While men lie grovelling here."

Without God you are paddling in the brooklet of life, fishing for minnows.

Worldly pleasure distasteful.—If I had to sit in

some people's company and hear what they talk about, it would be hell to me. One night, having to preach up in the North of England, this unfortunate circumstance occurred to me. When I got down to the railway, I was put into a first-class carriage with five sporting men, who were going to the Doncaster races. Happily they did not know me, but, from the beginning to the end of their journey, their conversation was garnished with expressions that tortured me and at last they fell on a subject that was unutterably loathsome. I pray God that I may not be condemned to live with such people forever, for it would be hell to me. Ladies and gentlemen, you need not think that I rob myself of any pleasures when I do not go to racecourses or associate with the licentious. It is my pleasure to keep far from the pleasures of those men whom I was forced to accompany. The pleasures of this world are so full of dust, dirt and grit, that he who has once washed his mouth clean of them declines another meal of such stuff. You will lose no pleasure if you come to Christ.

World's attraction.—Ye have heard of him who one day was discoursing eloquently of philosophy to a crowd, who greatly applauded him. He thought he had made many disciples, but suddenly the market bell rang, and not a single person remained. Gain was to be made, and in their opinion no philosophy could be compared to personal profit. They were hearers

till the market bell rang, and then, as they had been hearers only, they quitted the hearing also. I fear it is so with our preachings—if the devil rings the bell for sin, for pleasure, for worldly amusement, or evil gain, our admirers quit us right speedily. The voice of the world drowns the voice of the Word.

WEAK faith is a great fabricator of terrors.

WE could do with less paint if we had more power.

WE need faith in every step of a holy life.

WE need less varnish and more verity.

WE need workshop faith, as well as prayer-meeting faith.

WE play the man to-day, and the mouse to-morrow.

WE shall not be muzzled like dogs, either to please the world or its master.

WHEN the devil is not troubled by us, he does not trouble us.

WHEN the Lord's black horses call at our door they bring us double loads of blessing.

WHEN you are out for a holiday, be holy.

WHO wants to paddle about in a duck pond all his life? Launch out into the deep.

WILFUL ignorance will bring terrible damnation.

WOLVES leap into the fold however carefully you watch the door.

WOULD you yoke an emmet with a seraph? If you did, they would be a far more equal pair than Christ and self.

YOU cannot get a gross of conversions like you can a gross of steel pens.

YOU have the milk of faith, but God wills that you should have the cream of assurance.

YOU lose the leverage of power if you fail in holiness.

YOU may wash sin in eau-de-Cologne, but it smells none the sweeter.

YOUR father's kisses will make you forget your brother's frowns.

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